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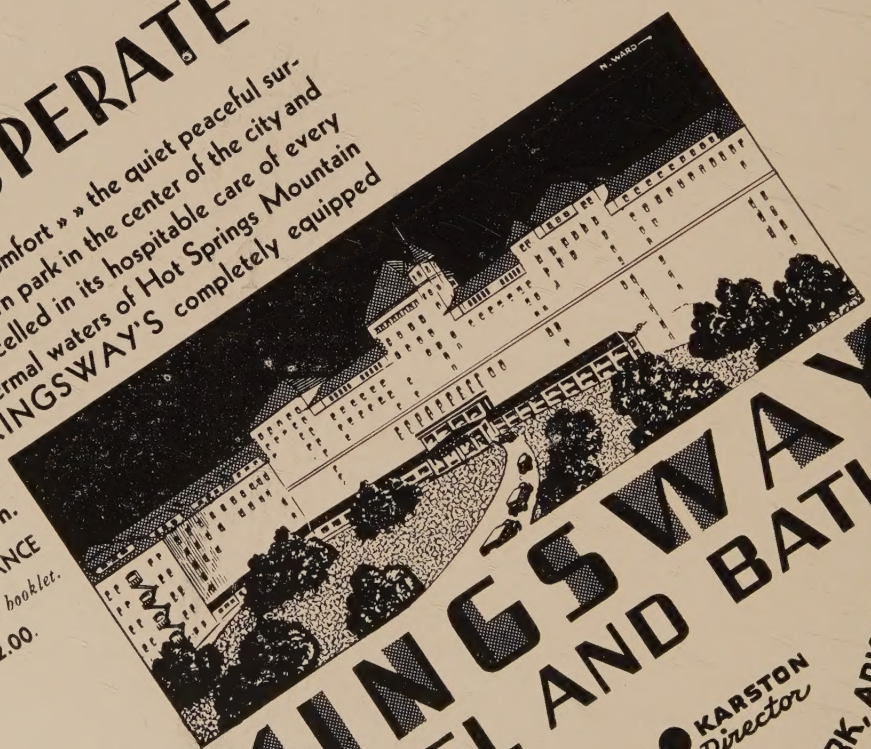

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The First Word

In this issue will be found a short story of early Kentucky days by Curlin Reed who has been recently in print in The Saturday Evening Post. The story is written in a charming style with an unusual ending which brings a mist to your eyes.

* * * *

"Colonel Bob," by Josephine Turner, is a bit of joy in which a real Kentucky Colonel figures in a happy, helpful manner he little dreams of.

* * * *

Charlotte Woodbury, who is well known as a lecturer and writer contributes an article on "Kentucky Day" and also, in brief, a history of "The Jefferson Davis Highway."

* * * *

"Fox Hunting in Old Kentucky," by Ila Earle Fowler, "Early Racing in Kentucky," by Josephine M. Turner, gives to the pages of this issue the aroma of romance of early colorful days.

* * * *

The next issue will be devoted to California and Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, of San Francisco, has ably superintended the collection of data for this unusual and attractive issue.

* * * *

Miss Rose Shepherd of Jacksonville, Fla., broadcast from WJAX on Wednesday morning, October 30th on THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINT."

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* * * *

Following California Number will be one of unique interest to all sections of the country. It will be devoted to Missouri and the material will be contributed from the best writers of that State. Floyd C. Shoemaker, editor The Missouri Historical Review and Secretary and Historian of Missouri Historical Society will be one of the contributors and is assisting in collecting choice material for this splendid effort.

* * * *

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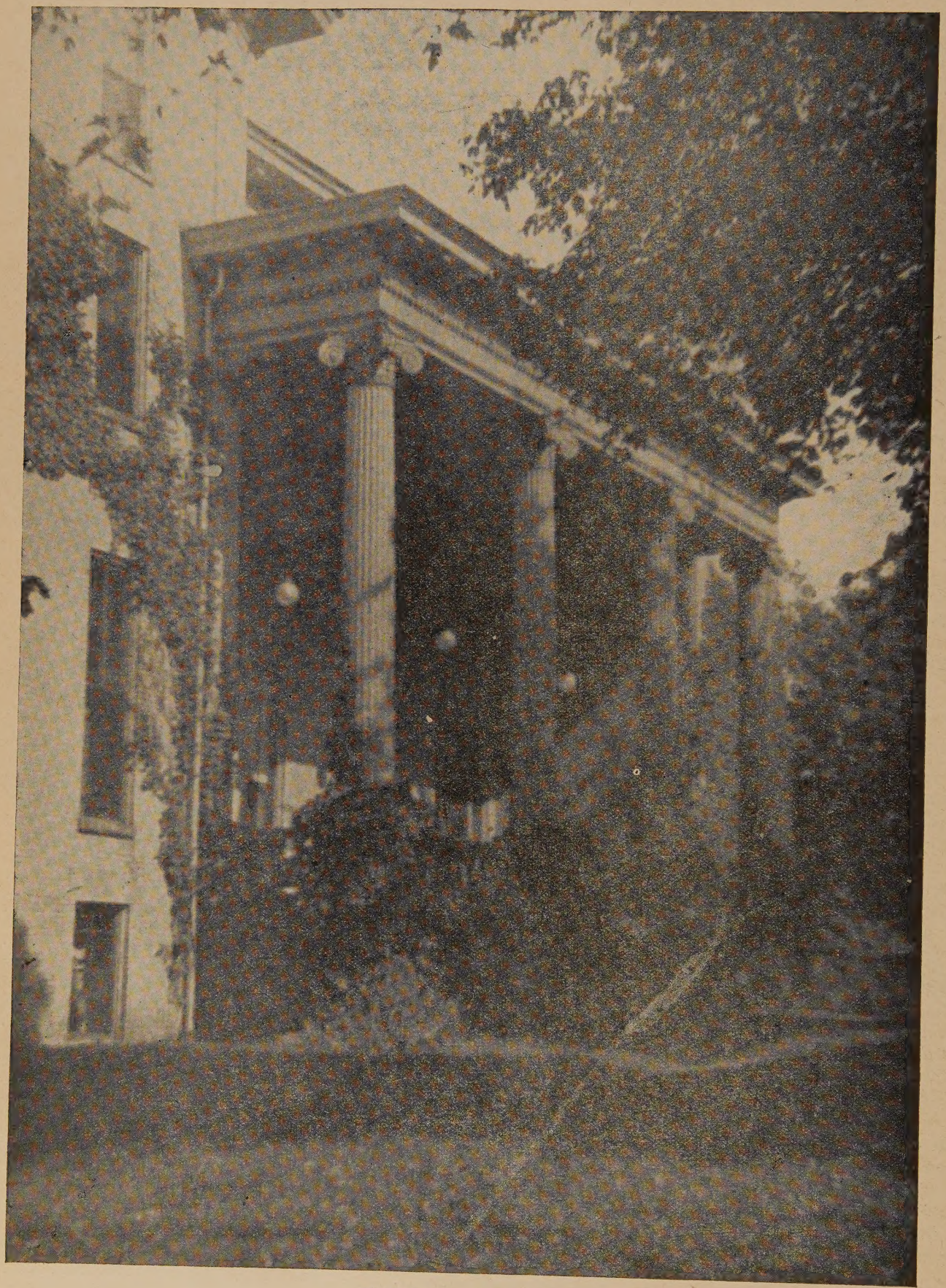


HAMILTON COLLEGE

Prehistoric Kentucky

By PROF. WM. S. WEBB

MOST early writers of Kentucky history begin the story of the Commonwealth by describing the conditions found in this region by the early settlers and their predecessors, the "long hunters." The "long hunters"—so-called because, when they came out from the eastern settlements to hunt in Kentucky, they often stayed two or three years before their return to their homes—always carried back glowing accounts of the new country they explored. Such men were James McBride, who in 1754 came down the Ohio River in a canoe; John Finley, who in 1767 came from North Carolina to explore and hunt in Kentucky and who returned to the wilderness of Kentucky in 1769 with Daniel Boone. On this trip, Boone remained alone to hunt for more than a year—returning to his home in North Carolina in 1771.

The stories told by these men and by the early settlers who were induced to follow them into the wilderness of Kentucky about the beginning of the Revolutionary War, naturally formed the basis for the early history of the state.

The descriptions of the country by the early pioneers usually emphasize the beauty of the vast forests, the fertility of the soil, the numerous rivers and small streams which watered the region, and all testify to the great supply of game and fish to be found. Every historian of note has added to such descriptions of the early explorers of Kentucky, the fact that Kentucky was not then the dwelling place of any Indian tribe and that no group of Indians had found permanent homes within its borders. The early hunters and explorers often met bands of savages on the hunt or on the war path. These were all known to have had their homes far distant from Kentucky: the Cherokee on the Little Tennessee River, the Iroquois on the Great Lakes, the Creeks from the far South, and the Illinois and Miami from far to the north of the Ohio River. All of the early writers, in calling attention to the absence of permanent settlements within the state, express the opinion that conditions had probably always been as they were found by the white men when they came.

It may come, therefore, with some surprise to the readers of Kentucky history, familiar with such descriptions of the early conditions of our Commonwealth, to learn that archaeological studies of the last few years have revealed that this assumption of the early historians is not justified by the facts.

In prehistoric times, long before the advent of white men, even in pre-Columbian times, the archaeological record shows that diverse groups of Indians made their homes in different places in the state and occupied considerable areas in relatively large numbers. This is not surprising when we consider that the very facts described by our early historians as existing in the state—fertile soil well watered by many rivers, a delightful climate, and an abundance of game—were the primary conditions sought by primitive men in the selection of a home.

That the region was practically uninhabited by Indians in 1750 and thereafter cannot be denied, but that prior to about 1600 there were many large settlements of Indians in Kentucky can hardly be doubted.

It is well known that sometime during the 17th century, the great Iroquoian Confederacy "The Five Nations" living about the region of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, procured from the Dutch settlers in Manhatten a considerable supply of guns, and, having been taught how to use them, immediately attacked their Indian neighbors, to the west and south, destroying many and driving whole tribes from sites long occupied by them to new locations distant from the Iroquoian frontier. It was probably at this time that Kentucky was cleared of its last permanent Indian residents, and thereafter became the "hunting ground" of many tribes. The Iroquois claimed it by right of this conquest. The Cherokee also claimed the right to hunt within its forests, a right they continued to exercise, even at the cost of waging war. The western portion of the state beyond the Cumberland River was long the property of the Choctaws from whom it was purchased.

Evidences of Kentucky's occupancy by man in prehistoric times are numerous. Most important of these are the large earth-mounds of the central portion of the state, rock shelters of the eastern mountain regions, and the caves and shell mounds of the central and western portions.

In the eastern hill country man early made use of the numerous rock shelters and small caves. Into these he brought firewood and game for food. He built his fires in the open, near the mouth of such shelters, and having eaten his food cast the animal bones in the ashes of his fire. In this simple way a kitchen midden deposit was formed, which grew deeper year after year as other men came and went, always leaving a record of their occupancy in the ashes and the debris which accumulated. In the very early days of such occupancy, the people were rather low in savagery. They made no pottery and probably ate most of their food raw. They made crude artifacts of stone, but only such as were useful in hunting. They had perhaps not begun to practice agriculture beyond the gathering of nuts, and berries, and the digging for roots. Later, when population grew, they began to cook their food, thus developing the ceramic arts. Slowly they began to assist nature in producing a food supply by sowing seeds, corn, beans, and squash—and so agriculture began. The history of the beginning and practice of all these

arts was recorded in the midden heaps and one may thus read today the record of man's occupancy.

The record in the midden heaps at the mouth of caves and rock shelters was an unintentional one, and it is often marred by later disturbance; nevertheless, it is a truthful record, and one which if rightly interpreted, yields much information. It clearly shows that, in Kentucky, man once lived in these shelters when all that he dropped into the fire ashes were the bones of animals eaten for food. Later—much later—in the upper layers of the ashes on the cave floor, he dropped the broken shreds of pottery vessels which he had learned to make and use. In the early days of the occupancy of the oldest shelters, bone artifacts are much more numerous in the ashes than stone artifacts. In the upper levels of the ash beds along with arrow points, flint knives, and scrapers, are found hoes and spades made from limestone and flint. Such records to the archaeologist not only prove man's occupancy of the caves and shelters, but demonstrate how, by slow degree, he pushed upward toward civilization.

The ash middens thus may be regarded as a storehouse of original records—a library of historical information—in which the presence or the absence of any type of artifact may reveal much of man's early history.

The occupants of the rock shelter area in Kentucky may have been ancestors to some tribes of the great Algonquian linguistic stock which continued on into historic times. Today their presence in these caves and rock shelters is revealed also by skeletons buried in the floors of caves and in ash beds, by cache bins, or storage places; i.e., holes dug in the cave floors and lined with grass where they stored nuts, roots, corn, and other valuables. Their presence in the caves is also sometimes revealed by beds of leaves of trees and ferns upon which they slept. These beds made on top of the ash layers are well preserved and have been known to contain woven textiles, moccasins, bits of leather, gourd sherds, and other artifacts.

The great mound area of the state seems to coincide quite approximately with the so-called Blue Grass region. While earth mounds are found scattered over the whole state—the greatest mound density is located in this central area, which not only possesses most of the larger mounds, but also contains a number of relatively large earth works, which have been variously called forts, stockades, race tracks, etc., from their fancied resemblance to such structures.

These earth works in most cases probably represent the collapse of a stockade built about a village, perhaps for defensive purposes, and may thus properly be called forts. Very little is known of the people who built them, or of their purpose. That they were prehistoric there is no doubt, and that they were built by some group of Indians is beyond question. These earth works, and their accompanying earth mounds, are sometimes ascribed to the "Mound Builders." This is of course correct, if by the term we mean only a people or peoples who built mounds. They unquestionably did build large mounds and earth works which required not only much work but a considerable advancement in social organization. Any group of people, in order to construct such earth works, would have to organize their society to be able to plan an enterprise of this type, and would have to be collectively driven by a powerful motive to develop the sustained effort necessary to its completion. This the so-called Mound Builders did. If, however, by Mound Builders, we mean a superior race—separate and apart from the American Indian—we are quite in error. Archaeological investigation seems definitely to prove that the Mound Builder was merely ancestor to the American Indian and in no way different from him. It is natural then to ask what tribe or group of Indians is responsible for the large earth works of Kentucky; that, we do not fully know. Much work remains to be done, but it is believed that the question is by way of being answered. At no very distant day it will probably be possible to ascribe to one or more prehistoric peoples all of the major earth works of the state, and to connect their construction and occupancy with the remnants of these people living into the historic periods.

In the central western portion of the state along the Green River Valley, there are many shell mounds. These great midden heaps were accumulated by the early inhabitants bringing upon the village sites the mussels taken from the river. Shell fish were abundant in the streams, and this bountiful supply of food, so easily obtainable, caused many groups of people to settle on the stream banks and remain for long periods on a single site. The evidence of the shell mounds seems to indicate occupancy by several different groups in prehistoric times.

Only recently has there been discovered in Mammoth Cave evidence of the activities of prehistoric man. This recent discovery emphasizes the extent to which prehistoric man explored the caves, and sought the materials to be found therein. In the main body of the cave some two miles back from the entrance in prehistoric time, man came to explore and to quarry with crude tools the various minerals which are exposed. His need for light he met by taking into the cave bundles of cane tied together by small cords. When engaged in working, one of these bundles he would place on end, supporting it by a small pile of earth or stone, and, by setting fire at the top, would procure the necessary light.

In the case of this particular man, recently discovered in Mammoth Cave, he had been for a long time excavating in a bank of clay high upon a ledge of rock in the cave wall. As he worked along the wall he passed a joint place in the rock, and when he undermined an overlying strata a great rock fell and caught him. This unfortunate prehistoric quarryman did not survive to return to his camp fire and tell of his experience or show to his fellows the material he had recovered from the cave. Yet, perhaps, in no better way than by this accident could he have written so accurate a record of what was customary in his day. His tools, clothing, and method of working, as well as his method of obtaining light, drinking water, and food are all clearly revealed by this find. The preservation of this interesting record and historic

(Continued on page 45)

Kentucky State Parks

EMMA GUY CROMWELL,

State Park Director

SIXTY years ago the first State Park was established in California, but in the past decade they have become a recognized function of our government.

Kentucky now has a chain of thirteen State Parks strung along our beautiful highways. The ten thousand acres composing these parks is a generous gift by the people of the state.

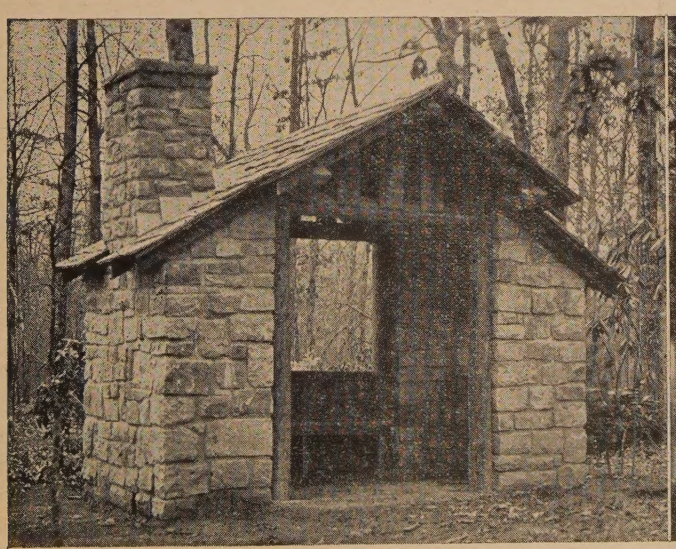
With the development of the parks a long step has been taken toward the fulfillment of the dream of a system of beautiful and useful State Parks in Kentucky. Here the beauties of nature mingle with the land marks of an historic past, where the highways have placed these beauty spots and play grounds within easy reach of our people and where tourists and all are wanted and welcomed. The completion of this great park system will be a forward movement for park conservation and gives us the vision that Kentucky will be among the most outstanding park states in the Union for she has the beauty, the scenery, the history and even the romance.

Through the Emergency Conservation Program, coming under the Department of Interior, eight of Kentucky's State Parks are being developed in a way that they will be self-supporting and will be assets and not liabilities to the State.

It is now fourteen years since the first State Park was established in Kentucky. The value of State owned Parks to a community and the State is immeasurable, not only as a recreational center, but for commercial purposes as well, for business of all kind is benefited from the influx of trade. Parks appeal to all classes of people insomuch as they are recreational, inspirational and educational. The student finds much to analize and study in floral and geological structure; the artist finds beauty; the youth pleasure; and older people rest, quietude and relaxation with nature. They are social institutions to preserve our native scenery.

Under our Park Program all parks will be kept in their natural state of beauty. Keep to nature is the slogan in every park. While Kentucky State Parks are yet in their infancy great strides have been made in the past two years for their development. In 1933 in the midst of a horrible financial struggle, a ray of sunshine and hope appeared on the scene of action which was readily grasped and no time was lost in getting applications for Kentucky State Parks before the Department of Interior, and today we have eight Kentucky Parks under development. On the first of November, 1933 Kentucky's first period of Park conservation work opened in five of our State Parks, viz:

Pine Mountain State Park in Bell County; Cumberland Falls State Park in Whitley and McCreary Counties; Levi Jackson Wilderness Road State Park, Laurel County; Natural Bridge State Park, Powell and Wolfe Counties; Butler Memorial State Park in Carroll County. These parks having sufficient acreage to be developed under the Department of Interior there being three hundred or more acres required.



LEVI JACKSON STATE PARK

TRAILSIDE SHELTER WITH FIRE PLACE

LAGOON

On March 30, 1934, Kentucky's first period of Conservation work closed with many improvements in our five parks, which brought into Kentucky about one million dollars besides giving employment to fifteen hundred people. This period started about November 1, 1933, and extended over a period of five months.

On April 1, 1934, we started into our second period of six months with a wonderful park program such as building custodian lodges, shelter houses, trails, lakes, dams, bridges, bath houses, picnic areas, parking spaces, observation towers, rock walls, fencing, water and sewerage systems that meet the approval of the State Board of Health.

In this, 1935, the third period of conservation work started with three new parks added to the chain of five under development — the Columbus-Belmont Battlefield State Park in Hickman County and the Henderson Audubon Memorial State Park in Henderson County. Just recently another new park has opened at Dawson Springs—The Lafoon State Park in Hopkins County. This makes a total of eight State Parks under development of the National Park Service through the Department of the Interior.

The other five parks in Kentucky not having sufficient acreage could not come under the Park Conservation Program, viz:

Pioneer Memorial State Park at Harrodsburg; The Blue Licks Battlefield State Park in Robinson County; the Blue and Gray State Park in Todd County; Dr. Thomas Walker State Park in Knox County and the Old Mulky Meeting House State Park in Monroe County.

HISTORIC CEMETERY, BLUE LICK STATE PARK

The Pioneer Memorial State Park is well developed and more than self supporting.

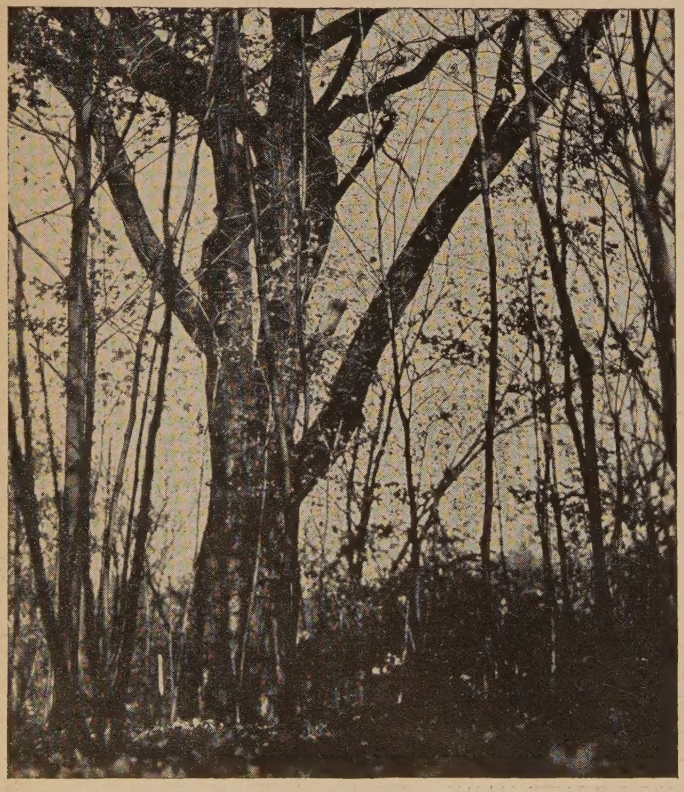
The Blue Licks Battlefield has recently been developed with an appropriation from the Session of 1934 and the use of a transient camp, under the supervision of the government. Mr. William Snyder of Louisville, Ky., a contractor, was in charge of the development and Frankle and Curtis of Lexington, Ky., the architecture. A beautiful museum was built—old museum remodeled—Custodian lodge, shelter house, trails all through the park A road was put through the park following the old Buffalo Trail. The famous Blue Lick water, struck in digging a deep well, is piped through the park and run into the Custodian lodge and museum. The Blue and Gray State Park will soon be under development.

The Mulky Meeting House and Dr. Thomas Walker House will be improved soon as Kentucky Shrines.

A State-wide system of parks is being installed in Kentucky equal to any in the Union for no State has a greater historical association and her scenery cannot be surpassed.

The National Park Service has done a great work in Kentucky State Parks under the Department of Interior. Other state parks started their parg program earlier and have accomplished more along this line than Kentucky, but nature has done so much for Kentucky, created so many craggy cliffs, vales, hill and waterfalls that we can soon push to the front in conservation work.

With the co-operation we are receiving from the State Highway Commission, the Game and Fish Commission and all lovers of conservation, Kentucky will soon be one of the leading park states in the country and will be able to hand down to future generations a conservation State not exceeded by any in the Union.



AUDUBON STATE PARK

Kentucky Literature

By ANNIE BELLE FOGG.

THERE are many examples, our Literature affords, of writers from other states or countries coming to Kentucky for material out of which to build a book, but this cannot properly be called Kentucky Literature.

Much writing has been done by Kentuckians from the beginning until the present time, but most of what is termed "Literature," is the work of the school of today. John Filson, the first of Kentucky historians, was a Pensylvanian by birth. He came to Kentucky in 1783, taught school in Lexington and collected data for a History of Kentucky. He remained in Kentucky about one year, then went to Wilmington, Del., where his manuscripts were printed. This edition of Filson's History of Kentucky is probably the most famous history of Kentucky ever published, though it only contained 118 pages. One of the six extant copies has recently brought a price of over $2,000. John Bradford, Kentucky pioneer journalist was born in Warrenton, Virginia. Served in the Revolutionary army. His first publication in 1787 was a Kentucky Gazette, the second newspaper west of the Alleghanies. The following year he published a Kentucky Almanac, the first pamphlet from a Western press. He was the first State printer. Gilbert Imlay, the first Kentucky novelist was also a Revolutionary soldier. His novel was, "The Emigrants, or the "History of an Expatriated Family." Thomas Johnson, Jr., was the first Kentucky poet, a Virginian by birth. His first book of poems only contained 36 pages, and the verses were not of a very high type. Humphrey Marshall, a Virginian probably wrote the first comprehensive history of Kentucky. John J. Audubon, Kentucky's famous naturalist came from Louisiana. His best known work, "Birds of America," was published in London, England. Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, the learned scientist of Kentucky and the west, published about 447 books. His most important works, relatei to science.

Henry Clay, John J. Crittenien, John C. Breckinridge and Thomas Marshall were distinguished men of letters. While they did no writing, other than their speeches on the floor of Congress, yet these master-pieces have been preserved, and deserve a place in Kentucky Literature. William O. Butler was one of General Lew Wallace's favorite poets. His most noted poem is "The Boatman's Horn." Lewis Collins, the Kentucky Historian's, "Historical Sketches of Kentucky" was the first illustrated history of Kentucky. It was the foundation upon which his son, Richard Collins later wrote the finest State History ever published.

Robert J. Breckinridge was one of Kentucky's prolific writers. A complete collection of his writings would form a five foot book shelf. George D. Prentice poet, editor and wit, is remembered for his poem, "The Closing Year." A volume of his witty paragraphs attracted attention in London and Paris. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, author of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. This book is valuable for data included which probably could not be procured elsewhere. Emily Virginia Mason, during the war volunteered in the Confederate States Hospital service. After the war, her first Literary works were published and an anthology of the "Southern Poems of War" Amelia B. Welby was one of Kentucky's best known woman poets." "The Rainbow," is her best poem. Theodore O'Hara, author of the greatest martial elegy in American literature was born in Danville, Kentucky. He served in the Mexican war, being brevetted major for meritorious service. He also served in the Confederate army, and was Colonel of an Alabama regiment.

"The Bivouac of the Dead" written at Frankfort as a memorial to comrades who fell in the Mexican War. This is the greatest single poem ever written by a Kentucky hand. Nearly every military cemetery has lines from this poem inscribed on military shafts. Reuben T. Durrett founder of the Filson Club and Editor of its publications was Editor of the Louisville Courier from 1857 to 1859. Stephen Collins Foster, a Pennsylvanian by birth, spent much of his time with relatives at Bardstown, Kentucky, where "My Old Kentucky Home" was written.

Mary J. Holmes, a family favorite for fifty years taught school in Kentucky and wrote 34 books. Perhaps, one of the best known is "Tempest and Sunshine." The characters in this book were drawn from actual life, in an old home near Versailles, Kentucky. William Preston Johnston, son of General Albert Sidney Johnston, wrote a very fine biography entitled, "Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston. His graphic description of the "Battle of Shiloh in which his father met his death is now accepted as one of the best accounts of that desperate conflict. Henry T. Stanton, a Confederate soldier was one of the most popular poets Kentucky produced. "The Moneyless Man" was widely read and remembered. W. C. P. Breckinridge was an orator and journalist of note. He became chief editorial writer of the Lexington Herald, which paper is still edited by his son. Henry Watterson was the foremost Kentucky journalist and one of the most widely known newspaper men in the United States. He was editor of the Courier-Journal for many years. Colonel Bennett T. Young, a Confederate soldier was an historian of no mean ability. He was very much interested in the pre-historic men of Kentucky and his work upon these ancient people is the ablest volume he wrote.

John Uri Lloyd's "Stringtown on the Pike," portrays a phase of life unknown to the world at large. James Lane Allen, one of the foremost American masters of English prose was born near Lexington, Kentucky. He began his career as a teacher in a rural school, afterwards had the chair of English in Bethany College, West Virginia. His work began with short essays and he was a contributor to Atlantic Monthly, Harper's and Lippencott's. In 1884, Mr. Allen went to New York to make a name for himself. He showed a mature art in his first works, very unusual in a beginner. There was much charm about his work. Prose seemed like poetry with its descriptions of nature and birds. Combined with a display of the love of music, Mr. Allen's work is unique. He has a mystic quality, which fascinates and pleases. "The Choir Invisible," "Kentucky Cardinal," and the "Flute and Violin" are popular. Mr. Allen realized the lack of merit in much of Kentucky's literature, and he did a very fine thing, when he set out on his distinguished career and produced a literature for the State. With a firm hand, he caught the shimmering atmosphere of his own native land, and the peculiarities of his people with fidelity and affection.

Robert Burns Wilson was a poet of distinction, his poem, "When Evening Cometh On," has been compared with Gray's Elegy. Young E. Allison was one of the most versatile of Kentucky writers. Although a newspaper man for many years, he found time to write fiction, verse, history, literary criticism and librettos. "The Derelict," a completion of the four famous lines in Robert Lewis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" has been printed by almost every newspaper and magazine in the English speaking world. Mrs. Mary Shipman Andrews is entitled to first and highest place among Kentucky writers of a short story. "With a Good Samaritan," is considered to be her masterpiece. Joseph S. Cotter is Kentucky's only Negro writer of real creative ability. His "Negro Love Song" is the cleverest thing he has written. Ellen Churchill Semple devoted herself to the study of the influence of geographic conditions upon the devolpment of mankind. Her first book entitled "American History and its Geographic Conditions," proclaimed her as the foremost student of the new science of the United States.

Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston was creator of the famous and popular "Little Colonel" books. The little Kentucky girl called "The Little Colonel" attracted the attention and admiration of thousands of children of this and other countries. John Fox, Jr., may be termed Kentucky's master maker of mountain legends and stories; "Bluegrass and Rhododendron" is a series of descriptive essays of mountain life in which Mr. Fox did for the people of the hills, what Mr. Allen did for the Blue Grass section. These two loyal Kentuckians honored their native State, cherished its history and glorified beauty.

Two of Mr. Fox's best novels are "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" and the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." He was a wonderful maker of short stories in the mountain dialect. Mrs. Fannie Caldwell Macauley "Frances Little" an aunt of Alice Hegan Rice was engaged in kindergarten work in Hiroshima, Japan, for several years. From Japan she wrote letters home, which were so charming and clever that she was persuaded to make them into a book. The result was "The Lady of the Decoration" which was said to have been for a year (1906), the most popular book in America. Madison Cawein, born at Louisville, Kentucky, has been named by Englih critics one of the greatest of American poets. Mr. Cawein was a poet of nature, a landscape poet in particular. His poems are full of mythology, and Mr. Gosse says "He brought the ancient Gods to Kentucky and it is marvelous how quick they learned to be at home." "The Garden of Dreams" and "Weeds by the Wall" contained some of his best poems. George Madden Martin is remembered as the creator of "Emmy Lou." In fact this book made her famous throughout the English reading world. Alice Hegan Rice was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky. Her first book, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is an epic of optimism. It was one of "six best sellers" for more than a year. It has been dramatized. "Lovely Mary" and "Romance of Billy Goat Hill," are both popular stories. Mrs. Rice is loved and admired not for what she has done, but for herself. Her husband, Cale Young Rice, has made his success as a dramatist. Though he has produced worthy lyrics, "David" is one of his best known works. Plays and lyrics shows painstaking work.

Lucy Furman, a short story writer has contributed to the Century Magazine. "Stories of a Sanctified Town" is an interesting and a delightful collection of short stories. "Cordia" Greer Petrie is a talented writer, she has created a character of great originality in, Angeline Keaton, an illiterate inhabitant of a remote Kentucky hamlet. Her stories prove that women do not lack humor.

Maria Thompson Daviess has pleased readers with her bright and cheery stories. "The Melting of Molly" is very entertaining and has an "O. Henry" twist at the end. Irving S. Cobb, humorist and short story writer began his successful career as a journalist and a contributor to Saturday Evening Post and other magazines. The Judge Priest stories are widely read and liked. In 1912 he published the greatest short story ever written by a Kentuckian, "The Belled Buzzard." He is mentioned as one of the ten great American humorists. Elizabeth Maddox Roberts while a student at Chicago University won the Fiske prize for her poetry. Her first novel was "The Time of Man" then "The Great Meadow," which she had really had in mind for 15 years. Kentucky breathes in all her work. Her stories touch the life of the common folk. The explanation of her genius is not that she brings a new light into the life of these people, but she discovers the beauty that is there. Her latest book is. "He Sent Forth A Raven." The scene is laid in Kentucky.

John Wilson Townsend has written a very interesting book of two volumes, "Kentucky in American Letters." Recently he has written "The Home Town of Lincoln's Wife." Edward Carlisle Litsey's work has been compared to that of James Lane Allen, as his work is characterized by his love of nature. He won one-third of a $15,000 prize offered by "Black Cat" Magazine in 1904,

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Early Racing In Kentucky

By JOSEPHINE M. TURNER

"THEY'RE OFF!" Perhaps these two words have thrilled horse lovers in Kentucky more than any others, from earliest racing days until Omaha won the 1935 Derby.

The pioneer Kentuckians were, mainly, from Virginia and were lovers of the horse by inheritance. When they founded their new homes in the wilderness of Kentucky, they brought with them blooded horses. They found that the blue grass, which grew so luxuriantly, the limestone water and the quality and the quantity of herbage made for strong bone and great endurance in horses. Soon Kentucky estates were stocked with sons and daughters of Sir Archy and the Whip family.

It was on May 27, 1775, in the heart of the Blue Grass region, that the first law-making body of Kentucky met. Immediately after having provided for courts and common defence, it is recorded that: "On motion of Daniel Boone leave is given to bring in a bill for improving the breed of horses." And Kentucky's first governor brought in the foundation stock of thoroughbreds.

Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, in one of his chronicles of Kentucky says: "As early as 1783 it is known that races were run on what is now Market Street (Louisville). Afterwards there was a race track near the foot of Sixteenth Street, at which horses were run for purses."

The earliest record of racing, published at the time, appeared in the *Kentucky Gazette,* August 11, 1787—five years before Kentucky was admitted to the Union, which stated that "the Commons" as Lexington's Water Street was then called, was a favorite place for horsemen when their pastime of racing through Main Street was interfered with, by the town Trustees.

The following notice appeared in the *Kentucky Gazette,* August, 1789: "A purse race will take place in Lexington on the second Thursday in October, next, free for any horse, mare or gelding; weight forage agreeable to the rules of Newmarket (three-mile heats), best two in three, each subscriber to pay one guinea, etc." Racing continued pretty regularly and numerous advertisements were published in the *Gazette,* of the meetings, but it was not until November 12, 1795 that there was any report of racing; which tells of a race won by Abraham Buford's horse, Weazel in two heats.

The list of weights carried at that period are: Seven year old, ten stone; six year old, nine stone, five year old, eight stone, four year old, seven stone and three year old, a feather. A stone is fourteen pounds and a feather is seventy pounds.

In the autumn of 1797, a jockey club was formed, and, a meeting of the Club was held at Messrs. Postlewait's (Phoenix Hotel) when resolutions governing racing were adopted.

One of the first race tracks in the State, was made by Col. William Whitley. This track was called Sportsman's Hill and was located near his home in Lincoln County, just a short distance from the present town of Crab Orchard. This track was built before 1800. Each year a meeting was held here and a grand barbecue was given. Col. Whitley was killed in the Battle of the Thames, 1813, and the track was abandoned. Among early Kentuckians who attended these meetings were: George Rogers Clark, Logan, McDowell, Harrod and many other outstanding in the history of the Commonwealth.

Henry Clay, the great commoner and statesman, was an early patron of the turf and attended the Lexington meets. The War of 1812 checked the racing in Lexington and for ten years little was written about it, but interest in breeding of thoroughbreds continued.

The Louisville *Advertiser* of October 3, 1823, stated that the Louisville Jockey Club Races would commence on the 15th of the same month and continue three days. And the Louisville *Focus* October 5, 1827, announced that the Jockey Club would hold a four days meet on Louisville turf, Hope Distillery, with purse $30.00.

MAN-O-WAR

The most famous course in Louisville, prior to Churchill Downs, was the old Oakland Course at Seventh and Magnolia. The Oakland Race Course Association was formed about 1830 and Samuel Churchill was the first president, who gave the grounds. The members and stockholders improved and beautified it with a modest grandstand and rather pretentious club house. In those days there were no paddocks and no betting sheds. The stables numbered less than a half dozen with not more than sixty stalls. It was upon this Course that the notable heat between Grey Eagle and Wagner was run, January 1, 1839.

The *American Turf Register,* published in 1833 gives racing program of following courses at that time: Louisville, Lexington, Georgetown, Russel-

(Continued on page 46)

Old Transylvania and Her Sons

By PROF. R. L. DINGUS

SIX YEARS after the first permanent settlement in Kentucky the Virginia legislature enacted a law "for the purpose of a public school" in Kentucky County. This was twelve years before the county became the 15th state of the Union (1792). At the time this law was enacted the whole population was scattered widely over hundreds of miles, and did not exceed 2,000 to 2,500 souls.

Transylvania College dates its beginning from an enactment of the Virginia Legislature of 1780—more than two years before the Revolution closed and while the present state was still Kentucky County, Virginia. This fear was a very distressing and demoralizing period in the long struggle of the 13 colonies for political independence—particularly for Virginia and the states south of Virginia. The military efforts of the mother country had shifted from the north and now it was to harrass and pillage one colony after another until in dire desperation they should give up the struggle. The Continental troops were detained in the North through fear of an attack there and chiefly State militia and locally organized, poorly equipped bands offered such resistance as they could.

Page after page of the Journal of the Virginia legislature of 1780 reveals the keen anxiety, dire distress, and heroic effort to meet bravely the desperate situation. It was nine days before enough members for a quorum could slip in through the lines of the enemy and longer still before many far-off members could arrive. The very first bill introduced after organization was to provide military aid for the overrun Carolinas. Only one distinctly social measure was introduced and passed—an educational bill looking to the establishment of a free public school in the County of Kentucky from funds to be obtained from confiscated Tory lands—July 8, 1780.

On account of the distressing military, political and economic conditions, it was yet nearly five years before the first session of the new school could start. Meanwhile seven members of the early boards had fallen on Kentucky soil at the hands of the vengeful Indian. Very fitly did the State early acquire the name of "Dark and Bloody Ground." Board minutes in the archives of the Old Library of the College report seven unsuccessful efforts to get a quorum extending over a period of 18 months. Silence can be eloquent and persistance heroic! The Kentucky Society of Colonial Dames has recently found a part of a wall of an old building which, one tradition says, housed the first session in 1785 near Danville. Having sifted and accepted this tradition as authentic, the Colonial Dames have more recently erected a marker near the spot with this inscription:

1785—1935

The original site of Transylvania University. About three hundred yards west of this spot, on the Wilderness Road, stands the log house of 'Father' Rice, where was conducted Transylvania Academy, later Transylvania University, the first institution for higher learning west of the Alleghanies."

It was decided in 1787 to move the school to Lexington, where henceforth all Board meetings were held and where in 1793 a permanent seat for the growing institution was fixed. In 1931 the Bryan Station Chapter of the D. A. R. erected a marker on the spot in Lexington which reads:

"Transylvania
Pioneer College of the West
Founded By the Legislature of Virginia
1780
Moved to This Spot 1793."

In 1798 Transylvania Seminary (name bestowed by the Virginia legislature) combined with Kentucky Academy located at Pisgah, off the Versailles Road 10 miles out from Lexington. The name was then changed to Transylvania University and went into effect January 1, 1799, and soon after the Schools of Law and of Medicine were organized supplimentary to the academic department. George Nicholas—hence Nicholas County, Kentucky—who drafted the first Kentucky constitution and was later a member of the Court of Appeals, helped to launch the Law school. Henry Clay was an early professor of Law and Political Science, resigning in 1807 to become a member of the Board of Trustees, active and interested in the institution the remainder of his life. This earlier period of Transylvania University had as notable students such men as Richard M. Johnson, soldier in War of 1812, United States Senator, Vice-President; Stephan Fuller Austin, soldier, colonizer, statesman, creator of Texas as an Anglo-American State. Dr. Barker, University of Texas, says of him: "Measured by what he accomplished, he is one of the great figures of American history." Austin's certificate of discharge from Transylvania, signed by Acting-President James Blythe, Professors Robert H. Bishop and Ebenezer Sharpe, dated April 4, 1810, reads: "It is hereby certified—that the bearer Stephen F. Austin has been a student—two sessions and a half—of the Transylvania University—during which time he studied various branches of the Mathematics—Geography—Astronomy—Natural and Moral Phlosophy—read some History and conducted himself in an exemplary and praiseworthy manner."

Kentucky's interest in the Texas movement and later struggle for independence was early and varied and may have been in some measure influenced through friendships of Stephen Austin and his younger brother, James (1821) formed as students in Transylvania. At all events the following Transylvanians also played significant parts in the formative period of the early Texas history: Joseph H. Hawkins, Austin's partner and financial backer,

William H. Wharton, President of Texas Convention to form a Constitution, later sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Washington and who proposed to Congress Texas Annexation.

Albert Sidney Johnston, Commander-in-Chief of the Texas Army. Andrew Jackson Donelson, negotiated acceptance into Union of Texas as a state. J. W. Tibbats, offered resolution for annexation. Francis Preston Blair, editor of "Washington Globe," advocated annexation in his paper. Mrs. Austin Holley, wife of President Holley, wrote the first history of Texas, published at Lexington, 1836 Junius William Mottley, signed Texas Declaration of Independence, was killed in the battle of San Jacinto. A Texas county is named in his memory. There are yet numerous others, especially in the Mexican War, in which Transylvania played a worthy part.

The great early period of Transylvania reached its high point of growth and influence during the Administration of President Horace Holley (1818-27). At this epoch the institution stood on a parity in equipment, teaching staff, and student body in each of its three departments—Academic, Law, and Medicine—with any university or college of the older Atlantic sea-board states. It is out of this period of preparation and training that went forth men equipped in many fields and ways to influence and sometimes to shape the immediate destiny of large areas of our country. Established earliest, it was often far ahead of institutions of its kind, which later sprang up in the new west.

This in part at least explains how it is that Transylvania attracted students from such wide and distant areas, particularly of course out of States and territories lying west and south of the Alleghany mountains. In another large measure the rapid growth was due to the great statesman-like guidance and ardent enthusiasm of President Holley. He was liberal and modern in his thinking and living, a trained scholar, fond of young men, a ready and eloquent speaker, Transylvania graduated in its various departments during the nine years of his administration 660 students.

The role which Transylvania played in the issues leading up to the great War of the 60's and then in the long bloody military struggle itself and its concluding drama is known only in part, for before this great conflict to a higher degree than since, students came from wider geographic areas, and from a more varied social and economic background. It will be fit to point out certain instances.

As is generally known Jefferson Davis spent three years in Transylvania (1821-4) and had passed all his Junior examinations to enter the Senior class when he accepted an appointment to West Point Military Academy. He speaks affectionately in the autobiographical fragment of several of his professors, particularly President Horace Holley and Professor Robert H. Bishop, giving personal touches of them and of class-room experiences. He writes: "I completed my studies in Greek and Latin and learned a little Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Surveying, profane and sacred History, and Natural Philosophy." Again he says: "When I was serving my first term as United States senator, I was one of six graduates of Transylvania who held seats in that chamber." The others referred to are: (And note the wide geographic area whence they came) David R. Atchison, Missouri; George W. Jones, Iowa; E. A. Hennegan, Indiana; J. R. Underwood, Kentucky; S. W. Downs, Louisiana.

During the period in which Davis was in Congress, 18 of the graduates of Transylvania, repre-

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY

senting nine states, served terms in the House and Senate.

His personality and promise must have early attracted attention, for he was given a speaker's place and delivered in the University chapel an oration on "Friendship" just before the end of his Junior year. At a Washington birthday celebration in Lexington in 1825 a local citizen, W. B. Redd, gave the following prophetic toast:

"To the health and prosperity of Jefferson Davis, late of Transylvania, now a cadet at West Point. May he become the pride of our country and the idol of our Army!"

While yet in the Army he came as a cavalry recruiting officer to Lexington in 1833 during the great cholera epidemic and with the assistance of a carpenter heroically buried two victims of this dread plague. From the local papers we learn also that he made another visit to Lexington in 1852 and was royally entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ficklin, on the southwest corner of Limestone and High streets. His lodging room the three years he was a student in Transylvania was the front corner of the second floor of this house, but the room and the building remain without a marker. However, very appropriately the Daughters of the Confederacy have provided a magnificent bronze bust of this great statesman and presented it to his Alma Mater, October 19, 1931.

That gallant Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston, referred to above in connection with the Texas struggle for Independence and who lost his life on the bloody field of Shiloh, left Transylvania at the close of Davis' first year.

The peerless cavalry leader, General John Hunt Morgan, several of his brothers and also his brother-in-law, General Basil Duke, were all Transylvanians. So aso was General John C. Breckinridge, one time United States Senator, Vice-President, and later Davis' Secretary of War.

Transylvania and Lexington, like the State itself, held an interesting relation to both sections—North and South. The technically correct Governor Magoffin, when the war broke out, as also the two provisional governors, George W. Johnson, who lost his life at Shiloh and Richard Hawes who succeeded him, were all graduates of Transylvania. The famous Robert J. Breckenridge, lawyer, orator, teacher, preacher, and alumnus and one time member of the Law faculty was an ardent Unionist. He had sons in both armies—Colonel W. C. P. Breckenridge fought for the Southern side—too, like his father being a son of Transylvania.

During the hard long military struggle the institution remained closed, the buildings being used as military hospitals. The library and scientific apparatus were stored in garret and basement rooms or quietly removed by friends to private homes for safe keeping. A few years ago an alumnus of the college accidently came upon a famous portrait of President Holley in a Lexington second-hand furniture shop. When examined it was found to be a Jouett (also a Transylvanian) missing for half a century. There are other lost, mislaid, or forgotten treasures out of this period, but who now knows where or how or why?

The "Hall of Fame" at Washington, D. C., houses memorials to six Transylvanians:

Henry Clay, Kentucky; Stephen Fuller Austin, Texas; Dr. Crawford W. Long, Georgia; Uriah Milton Rose, Arkansas; Francis P. Blair, Jr., Missouri; Jefferson Davis, Missippi.

The institution in its earlier days furnished so many presidents for colleges and universities that it was formerly often referred to as the "Mother of College Presidents." A few illustrations will suffice. In 1824, Professor Robert H. Bishop became the first President of

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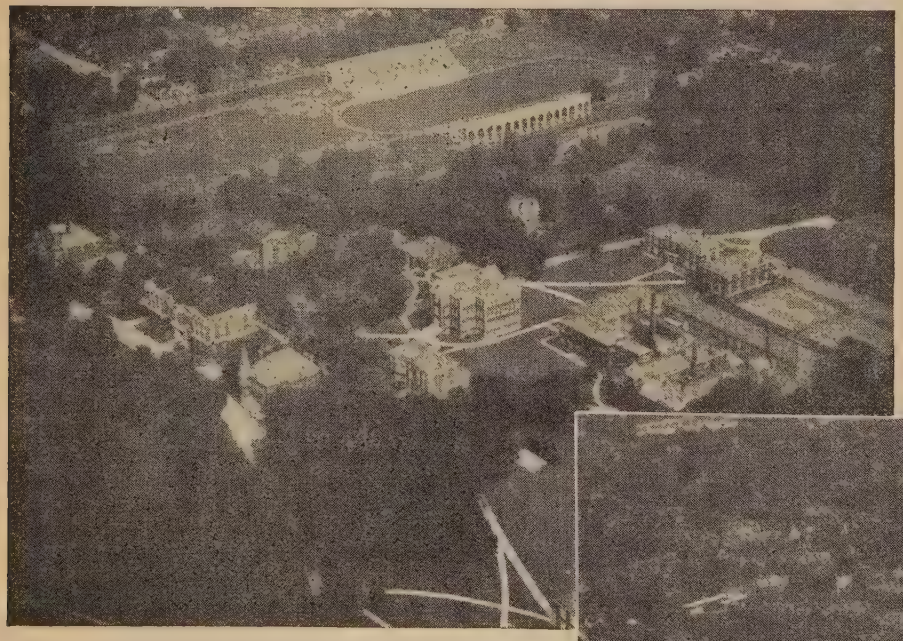

AIRVIEW—UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

AIRVIEW OF TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY

FOX HUNTING IN OLD KENTUCKY

By ILA EARLE FOWLER

A BISHOP of the Protestant Episcopal church dressed in canonical robes "blesses the hounds" in early dawn as Iriquois Hunt begins the fall season; a hill-billy's beloved "houn' dawg" bays the fickle moon while his master fingers his dulcimer, thrumming the same tunes that tickled Shakespeare's fancy; a group of farmers and townsmen on some crisp October night follows the pikes on horseback while their packs take the hurdles of wire or rail fences, tear through Brer' Rabbit's briar patches, race through the standing corn fodder with its brown ribbons tearing at their sides, run through laden orchards drenched with heavy dew * * * and hundreds of other folk wake and listen to the distant baying, hoping that it will come nearer, that perhaps Reynard the wily, with the satirical grin on his sharp little face, will circle through the home yard or garden and they will rise and see the laboring quarry with the straining hounds scattered behind or running in close pack as they near the end of the chase.

All these have a common link of interest in the cleanest of sports, a link that is a part of a silver chain that holds together memory and tradition of old Virginia days, of old English fields and meadows, where their ancestors listened to the echoing "view holloa" and the death "who-hoop," thrilled to the bugle note of the hunter's horn as he called his pack in again. This vicarious love of the chase has been expressed thus by Aunt Ceely Stewart when she said:

"Some old women take up their knittin' in the evenin's. Some tell tales of their younger days when they had to card and spin and weave. Others just don't seem to take interest in anything. It's all according to their nature. But as long as I've got a good old Ozarks houn' dawg around me, I'm gonna enjoy myself fox huntin' from my porch."

There is a difference in different localities but the lovers of sport find much enjoyment in a good chase anywhere. The development of the hunt in America, and particularly in Kentucky, has been influenced by the hunting habits of the Indians, by the lore of the aborigines, by their love for their dogs, which has all been handed down to the white along with the inheritance of the broad lands and rich forests.

This is exemplified in an absorbing short story in a popular magazine, telling of an English hunt where a visiting American, with typical American humor, planned to bring three naked Indians and their manager from a Wild West Show into an English field. The American had been irked by the indifference and contempt shown the riding of the Indians by the old stagers of the British Hunt. So he induced a simple-minded lord to invite them down to a meet with a result somewhat unique.

Just then the hounds swept over the crest of the green hill and as they went down on the other side they viewed the fox in the field beyond. He was in distress and it looked as if the pack would kill in the open. They were running wonderfully together, a blanket would have covered them, and in the natural glow of pride which came over the M. F. H., he loosened his grip upon the crop. But as the hounds viewed the fox, so did the three sons of the wilderness who were following close behind. From the hill-top fifty of the hardest going men in England saw Hole-in-the-Ground flogging his horse with the heavy quirt which hung from his wrist. The outraged British hunter shot forward, scattering hounds right and left, flew a ditch and hedge and was close on the fox, who had stopped to make a last stand. Without drawing rein, the astonished onlookers saw the lean Indian suddenly disappear under the neck of his horse and almost instantly swing back into his seat waving a brown thing above his head. Hole-in-the-Ground had caught the fox.

This, of course, is in picturesque comparison to the hunt to which young Mannering was conducted by Dandie Dinmont in the Scotch mountains where not only the fox hounds but "terriers, including the whole generation of Pepper and Mustard and mongrel, whelp and cur of low degree," took part in the exciting chase where "without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorum of sport" the fox was hunted from crag to crag and four in one morning brought down by the ferocious and swift greyhounds, held in leash until the last.

Contrasting again is the modern organized hunt with its ritual of the Roll Call which adds an exciting interest to the thrill of the cast for the start. That so many dogs, trained for the chase, straining to be away, can await the chance with so much patience as they show is remarkable and proves that courage and self control blend in forming character in dogs as well as in men and women. The roll is called by the Master of Hounds, each handler answering to the assigned number of the dog he holds. As they are unleashed they trot quietly and evenly away and disappear with scarce a hint of the excitement that surges through their blue-blooded veins at the prospect of a full cry of hunting.

The ceremony of blessing the hounds is principally the presentation by the Bishop to the riders of the famous medallion of St. Hubert, which, hidden from view by the pink coat, hangs on a silken cord around the huntsman's neck and is worn

through the entire hunting season. The origin dates from the storied past when on a Good Friday in the 16th Century, Hubert, an ardent huntsman of Liege, in the wild forests near there, suddenly saw before him a giant stag with a flaming crucifix between his antlers. Converted by this vision, he became Bishop of Liege and after death was canonized and was always regarded as the patron saint of hunters, a fact to which Scott refers in describing the dogs that hunted with the romantic hero of The Lady of the Lake, who were

"Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, strength and speed,"

although black, white and tan have since captured the fancy of foxhunters and remain the chosen colors for all breeds of foxhounds.

English huntsmen revered the ancient custom of St. Hubert's blessing and it was brought to Virginian shores by the Cavaliers. Of late years it has lapsed and of the few clubs that now observe the traditional ceremony the Iriquois Hunt of Lexington, Kentucky, has become famous enough to have the event filmed in technicolor for the newsreels. Indeed, it is impressive, the men in traditional black with conventional toppers, the ladies in formal black with derbies, the horses as finely bred as any in the world and trained to take the obstacles and jumps of a 20-mile square territory which includes rolling blue grass lands as well as wild, rocky dells along the creeks and the Kentucky River. The whole is suitably panneled by hundreds of jumps, the land owners cooperating with the hunt to keep it as it should be.

Rt. Rev. H. P. Almon Abbott, bishop of the Lexington Episcopal Diocese, spoke at the ceremony last year commending the service at which he officiated on several grounds: historical, as instituted in the Middle Ages when the number and capacity of foxes were a very serious menace, and hounds and huntsmen the farmer's best friends; for its contribution to physical health and well-being as a clean out-of-doors sport; as a church service held in the open air and thus following the Master; and really as a "blessing of the huntsman" instead of the hounds and asked that who was so hardened as not to be willing to receive the blessing of a messenger of the Gospel.

The sport has several magazines devoted to its development and continuance. The Chase, published at Lexington, Kentucky, monthly, is the official organ of twenty-nine hunters' associations, including in Kentucky: Caldwell County, Central Kentucky Coonhunters, Eastern Kentucky, Kentucky State, as well as the National Association. Besides these there are dozens of lesser groups scattered from the mountains to the Mississippi; for they believe with all their hearts that

"If once we efface the joys of the chase
From the land and outroot the stud,
Goodbye to the Anglo-Saxon race!
Goodbye to the Norman blood!"

For without doubt, the chase has been from time immemorial a favorite pastime, while fox hunting has been called "once the foremost sport of the South." Contrary to popular belief, however, the development of organized hunting and of pedigreed breeds with carefully kept records is of comparatively recent date, when we count that hunting goes back to the dim dawn of history.

In the early 1700's the English first kept hounds for organized fox hunting. In Virginia they were up and at it along with their English cousins, and then when they came swarming—from 1774 to 1810—over that "high-swung gateway of the Cumberlands" into Kentucky they brought with them hounds and a love for hunting that has never wavered. Then, too, they inherited the finest hunting grounds of the American Indians on the whole continent, indeed as fine as any ever in the world. So the Kentuckian, keeping all the traditions, adapting himself to his new environment, continued to develop the best blood in fox hounds as well as in horseflesh.

So it came about that of the four best known strains of hounds three, Walker, Trigg and Goodman, are Kentucky developed, while the Kentucky Maupin is scarcely second. The only other recognized strain is the July hound of Georgia.

What must a good hound have? Gameness, endurance, muscles taut as fiddle strings and strong as wire; then a musical voice is most desirable, and in this there are voices and voices; there are screamers, squallers, criers, and chops hoarse or fine, yaw-yaw, hi-hi, all tones and notes from a bellow to a fine-drawn squeal. The Walkers bred their strain in Madison county, Kentucky, the Goodmans in Bourbon, also the Maupin in the blue grass country, while the Triggs were developed by Col Alanson Trigg and his sons in the western part of the State near Glasgow. A number of fine kennels now favor the Triggs, among them being J. S. Kirby and Robert Rodes of Bowling Green. In the Walkers are blended the blood of Virginia hounds, of the famous "Tennessee Lead" with two English hounds from the Buccleigh kennels. Mr. S. L. Woolridge's hound Big Stride (Versailles, Kentucky) has been heralded as the finest hound of all times, but in 1934, with the keenest competition, Big Smoke, bred and owned by L. B. Shouse, Sr., of Lexington, was far and away the best dog shown at the meet of the National Foxhunters' Association in Jackson, Ohio.

Superiority is tested by bench shows and by field trials where the dogs are judged as they hunt, the latter as hard on the judges as on the hounds, for the red fox, the favorite quarry takes seeming delight in eluding, going far, and out of the way and leading them in all cases a truly merry chase. In all instances the true sportsman eliminates the unfit hounds, the slow, the unwary and the weak ones and thus year by year the best is kept in the packs, so that sportsmen forbears to claim how much father development in the breeds is possible.

The first field trials in Kentucky (and possibly in the world) were in Madison county in 1868. In 1883 the Iriquois Hunt was organized at Lexington and named for the only American bred horse that had won the English Derby. Its first president was General William Preston. In 1894 a group

of sportsmen instituted the first field trials which were held at Olympian Springs in Bath County, famed as a watering place when Clay and his compatriots foregathered there long ago. In 1928, when the National Foxhunters' Association held its 34th meet at Richmond, Ky., "400 of the finest bred foxhounds in the United States" were cast in field trials while thousands of people on horseback and on foot watched the proceedings. At Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, July 4, 1935, there were entries from 40 states and more than 4,000 persons gathered at the Lawrenceburg Fair to see the bench show and field trials of the Southern National Show. Among many recent high-scoring hounds have been: Diamond Stride, owned by E. W. Biggins, Concord, N. C.; Georgia, Mrs. Lucas Combs, Lexington, Ky.; Big-Heels, E. F. Bolton, Coral Gables, Fla.; Flying Feet, Miss Pansy Ireland, Thomasville, Georgia.

Naming the individual hounds for registering becomes more and more difficult with the great numbers added each year. Only race horses and Pullman cars are as hard to name. Such names as Gold Heels, Queen, Polly Dean, Venus, Peggy Lou and Flying Heels testify to the owners predilection for romance, dreams or general visionary glamor. Tom Logan, of Eddyville, Kentucky, a sportsman heiring from a long line of hunters adheres to certain lines that might join with folk lore of old with such names as Lizzie Poor Gal from the age-old doggerel ballad. while others of his are named from old friends and lovers of the chase, embalming nicknames such as Id Fox, Gid Townsen and Mint Sharp, while he struck a semi-classic chord in naming two likely pups The Devil and Tom Walker, getting his inspiration from a chance remark made by his father who saw them finishing a dainty meal of chicken, as is ever the way of hounds on the loose, he used this time-honored expression and the two youngsters lived up to their cognomens. Later they caught the attention of many who saw them and a final test of speed, voice and staying powers was staged, various friends backing one of the other. Their owner selected as the most suitable spot for such a trial a forsaken place "twenty miles from anywhere," called picturesquely "Hell's Half Acre," and known of old to be mainly inhabited by "han'ts of varying degrees of visibility." The resulting race and test was recorded in *Progress Magazine* (Kentucky) fall number. 1932, which all who love the running hound and eluding fox may read.

The western part of the state, Tradewater River hills, Cumberland River bottoms and the flat lands of The Purchase boast as fine blood in their packs as any in the blue grass, indeed it is much the same blood when the tale is told. The very first National Foxhunters' Association, 1894, was attended by Uncle Wash Rhea of Hopkins county who made acquaintance with the Walkers and sent to them a Birdsong gyp which was bred to a fine Walker dog. Of this litter he gave a pup to Uncle Bert Lamb, a dog which became known as Old Beagle which became the most noted dog "south of Green River" for bugle voice and staying power, and to this day the blood is jealously guarded and every pack in all that country loves to boast the blood of Beagle of whose prowess many tales are told, while grandsires now relate to their grandchildren that they used to listen all night long as he roused the echoes of the hills and valleys.

Mr. Lamb was a Missionary Baptist preacher and Mr. Rhea a song and prayer leader. The latter being asked which made the finest music a good choir or a fine pack of hounds reverently answered "I do not know." Lamb named six of Beagle's pups for Hardshell Baptist preachers, as he said they never knew when to quit preaching and he wanted these dogs not to know when or how to quit running.

All in all, foxhunting is a science that combines hard riding, judgment of terrain and knowledge of the habits of the fox. In old times in many country places the hounds lay around the house and "egg-sucking hound" was the hardest epithet that could be applied to any derelict. Now, almost all hounds are well kept, well and properly fed, held in bounds and carried to the running grounds in trucks. There is not much chance these days. Science and skill combine to make the sport a one to be commended. Interested crowds gather any time a big hunt is on, and while the colorful and picturesque drag hunts and field trials will always draw large crowds, by and large, the night hunt by smaller packs still obtains most followers in Old Kentucky, and the ears of all listeners are attuned to the music of the chase on still and frosty nights, where the sounds roll now far, now near all the night through until dawn reddens in the East.

For foxhunting is a throwback to days of old when our forefathers hunted deep in the Black Forest or over the bogs and fens of Merry England. It is a science, too, that pits man and dog against the wiliest of foes, one who always has a goal, who runs for pleasure, takes delight in eluding his pursuer, which he often does. * * * There is a "one gallus hunter" who hunts in daylight and follows the hounds; another who drives to the den, turns the hounds loose, crawls into a sleeping bag and sleeps until the faithful hounds "come in, lick his face and say 'Let's go home;' " another who hunts "just to ride." But these are exceptions and most of those who thrill to the hunter's horn are of the brawn and brain of the old pioneers and heroes. Most of them are blood brothers to Diana, "queen and huntress, chaste and fair," and to the great Norsemen who roved the frozen fields of the far north, or rode gentlemanly in the pleasant isle of England, sportsmen born, with the qualities that belong to the true sportsman, loyalty, generosity, bravery, pride and breeding.

In Old Kentucky as nowhere else does Masefield's Reynard the Fox ring true:

The hounds went romping with delight
Over the grass and got together;
The tail hounds galloped hell for leather
After the pack * * *
The riders thrusting to be placed,
Jammed down their hats and shook their horses,
The hounds romped past with all their forces—
The scent was heavy on their sense,
So hot is seemed a living thing,
It made the blood within them sing—
The fox is running like a hart.

Women of The Confederacy In War Times

By FLETCHER M. GREEN

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This paper was recently given as an address before the Agnes Lee Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Decatur, Ga.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL John H. Reagan, of the Confederate States of America once said that he never felt his inability to do justice to any subject so keenly as he did when "attempting to do justice to the character, services and devotion of the women of the Confederacy." And George Cary Eggleston, in his *A Rebel's Recollections*, said: "I wish I could adequately tell my readers of the part these women played in the war. If I could make these pages show the half of their nobleness; if I could describe the sufferings they endured, and tell of their cheerfulness under it all; if the reader might guess the utter unselfishness with which they laid themselves and the things they held nearest their hearts upon the altar of the only country they knew as their own, the rare heroism with which they played their sorrowful part in a drama which was to them a long tragedy; if my pages could be made to show the half of these things, all womankind, I am sure, would tenderly cherish the record, and nobody would wonder again at the tenacity with which the women of the South hold their allegiance to the lost cause."

I sympathize with the views and position of Postmaster-General Reagan and realize that I cannot do what George Cary Eggleston felt himself unable to do; yet I know also that the story of the War Between the States will never be fully and fairly written if the achievements of women are left untold. They may not figure largely in the official records; they may not have been cited for deeds of gallantry; the names of thousands may even be unknown beyond the neighborhood in which they lived, or the hospitals in which they worked; but there is no feature of that great conflict more creditable to us as a people, and none from its worthwhile character so worthy of permanent record as the achievements of the women of the Confederacy. It is my purpose therefore to narrate a few of the services of the women of the South who shared in the perils and hardships of the war, and should have also some of its glories.

This war was not the first one in which women took part and did valient service for their country and a cause. In fact, an intense love of country, a deep and abiding patriotism, an enduring and long-suffering devotion to their country's interests have been common traits of women throughout all history. Among the earliest and nomadic people, this sense of loyalty was centered upon the chief of the tribe; among the savage but better organized nations there was trust in and reverence for the ruler; while among the civilized nations of the modern world this spirit of patriotism is centered upon the nation's tradition, history, government, and institutions.

Women have shown their loyalty and devotion to their country in different ways. Miriam and the maidens of Israel danced and shouted triumphal peans at the victory of the Jews over the Egyptians at the Red Sea, and others danced and shouted David's praise after his victory over the Philistines. The Trojan maidens wept and made loud lamentations upon the death of the noble Hector. Charlotte Corday, impelled by her loyalty to France, plunged a dagger into the heart of the dread Marat with the hope of saving her country from a further reign of terror and the heel of the tyrant. Joan of Arc, the heroic but hapless Maid of Orleans, led the forces of France against England and paid with her life at the stake. Our own country too has furnished many brilliant examples of individual efforts in behalf of the nation. The heroic exploits of Nancy Hart, of Georgia, during the American Revolution is too familiar to Georgians for me to retell here; but the story of another Revolutionary heroine, Molly of Monmouth, clearly illustrates my point. Molly was engaged in carrying water, food, and other necessities to her husband and his troops at the battle of Monmouth Court House when she saw her husband fall, the victim of a Red Coat bullet, "Lie there, my darling, till I avenge your death," said she, and seizing the rammer she loaded and fired his gun all afternoon. The next morning she was presented by Mad Anthony Wayne to General Washington who gave her an appointment as sergeant and placed her on the list of half-pay officers for life.

More generally, however, American women have made noble manifestation of their patriotic devotion by ministering to the sick, suffering, and wounded soldiers. Among the ancients such care had been bestowed upon the favorite leaders by the high-born maidens, but with the coming of a highly developed Christian civilization it became a Christian duty to care for all classes engaged in warfare. On the whole, however, the history of wars,

prior to the War Between the States, was the record of the achievements of men. The chroniclers might record that women by their beauty and intrigue caused strife, and that they inspired heroic and knightly deeds but the record showed that women played little part in the actual conflict. It was their portion to suffer at home and welcome the victorious or mourn the dead. They had to hear of sufferings which they could do little to alleviate, and to grieve or rejoice over results to which they had contributed only sympathy and prayers. The war of 61-65 changed all this and the Confederacy furnished hundreds as brave as Joan of Arc or as great a humanitarian as Florence Nightingale. There was scarcely a woman who did not contribute to the cause in time, labor, money, suffering and hardship in hospitals, in offices, on the battlefield in stores and in munition plants, or on the farms and plantations. Everywhere humble and unknown women, little girls, plantation mistresses, and wives of statesmen and professional men, awakened by the glowing fire of patriotism, made notable contributions. A unified and organized program was the most distinctive characteristic of women's work during the War Between the States.

The extraordinary activity of the Southern women in the war may be partially attributed to their greater zeal for the principles and issues involved in the conflict just as the superb fighting qualities of the Southern soldiers are sometimes explained. But it seems to me that we may more accurately attribute it to the movement for the general emancipation of women from tradition and the bondage of social custom, which took place during the nineteenth century. That century saw many significant changes but none more important than those affecting women. As that "grand old woman of Georgia," Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Felton, has so aptly said of the changes in the position of women which took place during her own lifetime: "Their place in the community life, their work, their customs, their whole point of view have been turned upside down. * * * They have emerged from a subdued background to a place in the sun."

If I may be permitted to stray from my story, let me trace very briefly the evolution of women in the twenty-five years just preceding the war. In 1833, Lucretia Mott spoke at the first session of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia. In 1836, the Georgia Female, now Wesleyan, College was chartered. In 1837, Sarah Buell Hale became the editor of *Godey's Ladies Book*. In 1840, American women went to London as delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention but were refused seats, and had to observe its actions from behind the grill of the balcony. Then in 1848 there assembled at Seneca Falls, N. Y., the first Woman's Rights Conference which drew up a "Declaration of Woman's Independence" modeled upon the National Declaration of Independence. In part, it reads as follows: "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one portion of the family of man to assume among the people of the earth a position different from that which they have hitherto occupied, but one to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitles them, a decent respect to the opinion of mankind requires that they should declare the causes that impell them to such a course. We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men and women are created equal." The Declaration then pointed out how women had been denied their equal rights by men, and called upon all women to work for equal social, economic, and political rights. That very same year New York passed the "Married Women's Property Rights Law." During the years from 1843 to 1853 Dorothea Lynde Dix traveled in twenty-two states of the American Union petitioning the legislatures to ameliorate the prison conditions and to establish asylums for the insane. In 1849, Elizabeth Blackwell, having studied medicine in New York, Philadelphia and Geneva, became the first woman to be admitted to the practice of medicine in the hospitals of London. In 1856, Florence Nightingale was given official recognition by England for her nursing work in the Crimean War. Finally, during the years from 1861 to 1865 the civil service of both the Confederacy and the Union was opened to women, and Iowa began to admit women to the practice of law. It is worthy of note that of all the above changes, only two took place in the South. Yet because of such developments, it was only natural that women should occupy a more important place in the War Between the States than they had in any which had preceded it.

I do not propose to tell all that Southern women did in behalf of their beloved Confederacy during the war. Such a task would be impossible in the space allotted. In fact volumes might be written on the subject and still the half would not be told. I intend merely to tell of a part of their work, and that from two points of view: first, the organized and officially recognized work; and, second, something of their work as private individuals. I intend also to tell the story almost entirely from contemporary accounts either of Confederate officials or from the diaries, memoirs, and correspondence of Confederate women. And wherever possible I propose to let them speak in their own words.

The heroines of this war came from every class of society, and represented every grade in the social scale and every walk of life. Ladies of the highest refinement and social polish left their homes of luxury to devote themselves to the cause, but no less admirable and praiseworthy was the devotion and self-sacrifice of those born in humble and less favorable circumstances. The motives which influenced the women who served the Confederacy so nobly were many and varied. Some women chose to follow their sons or husbands, daring everything and suffering untold hardships and privations for them and their cause; others, because of generous rivalry, did not want to be outdone by the sacrifices of the sterner sex; some were motivated by pure patriotism and love of country, while still others were influenced by the simple desire to alleviate human suffering, by a philanthropic kindness of soul, and by the swelling of large hearted charity to labor anywhere and in any manner to relieve the wants of those who suffer pain and privation in a worthy cause.

Let me direct your attention now to the actual work of the women in the war. Let us notice first their organized labor and activities. With the firing upon Fort Sumter in 1861 the patriotic ap-

peal to the people of Dixie, both men and women, was "To Arms! To Arms!" In the first stages of the war women in all sections of the South made flags and clothes for the troops. In Decatur, Georgia, loyal women met in the home of Mrs. Ezekiel Mason and day after day made uniforms for the DeKalb Light Infantry. As Miss Mary A. H. Gay wrote: "Many of us who had never learned to sew became expert handlers of the needle, and vied with each other in producing well made garments, and I became a veritable knitting machine." Among the first banners bearing the "Stars and Bars" was that made for the DeKalb troops by Miss Anna Davis. The first Alabama troops, the "Magnolia Cadets," bore flags made and presented to them by Miss Todd and Mrs. White, sisters of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Miss Parthenia Hague wrote in *A Blockaded Family* that "Sewing societies were formed in every hamlet, as well as in our cities, to keep the soldiers of the Confederacy clothed as best we could. They met once every week, at some lady's house, if it was in the country. To such societies all the cloth that could be spared from each household was given and made into soldiers' garments. Socks, gloves, blankets, woolen coverlets, and even home-made bed quilts were donated; wool scarfs, knitted on long oak or hickory wood needles, were sent for our soldiers in the bitter cold of Virginia, to wrap around their necks and cover their ears." Miss Myrta Lockett Avary records in *A Virginia Girl in the Civil War* that "the bells of all the churches had become familiar signals calling us to labor as sacred as worship. Sewing machines had been carried into the churches, and the sacred buildings had become depots for bolts of cloth, linen, and flannel. Nothing could be heard in them for days but the click of machines, the tearing of cloth, the ceaseless murmur of voices questioning, and voices directing the work. Old and young were busy. Some were tearing flannels into lengths for shirts and cutting havelocks and knapsacks. And some were tearing linen into strips and rolling it for bandages ready to the surgeon's hand. Others were picking linen into balls of lint." And Mrs. Judith B. McGuire in her *Diary of a Southern Refugee During the War* said: "Ladies assemble daily, by the hundreds, at the various churches, for the purpose of sewing for the soldiers. They are fitting out company after company."

Everywhere, in the city, village, and country, "Sewing Circles" and "Thimble Brigades" were at work. Mrs. McGuire reports that "For a long time before our society was so completely broken up, the ladies of Alexandria and all the surrounding country were busily employed sewing for our soldiers. Shirts, pants, jackets, and beds, of the heaviest material, have been made by the most delicate fingers. All ages, all conditions meet now on one common platform. We must all work for our country. Our soldiers must be equipped. Our parlor was the rendezvous for the neighborhood, and our sewing machine was in requisition for weeks. Scissors and needles were plied by all. The daily scene was most animated. * * * We must do what we can for the comfort of our brave men. We must sew for them, knit for them, nurse the sick, keep up the faint hearted, give them a word of encouragement in season and out of season. There is much for us to do, and we must do it. Women must not be idle." A most interesting illustration of these sewing clubs is found in the case of Mrs. Andrew Harrington of Georgia who placed thirty machines at the disposal of the members of her club, while she herself cut the coarse cloth for the uniforms with heavy shears which first blistered, then bled, and finally calloused her hands like those of any horny-handed son of toil. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor recorded that "To be idle was torture. We women resolved ourselves into a sewing society—resting not on Sundays. Sewing machines were put into churches, which became depots for flannels, muslins, strong linens, and even coarse uniform cloth."

Monstrous sewing classes were organized in private homes. School girls in Richmond, Columbia, Charleston, Augusta, Savannah, Mobile, Montgomery, and New Orleans were organized into clubs and sewed coarse cloth into bags to be filled with sand and used in building fortifications. Marielou Cory says that "the ladies of Montgomery * * * formed themselves into a sewing society to make clothes and sandbags," and Mrs. McGuire wrote that "The ladies are now engaged in making sandbags for the fortifications at Yorktown; every lecture room in town is crowded with them, sewing busily, hopefully, prayerfully. Thousands are wanted."

An amusing incident is told of a sewing club in Richmond which cut cloth for underwear to outfit a company. Upon beginning the sewing it was discovered that the pattern for the right leg only had been used; hence all the garments were for that leg and none for the left. This story was told at President Davis's dinner table and all enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of Mrs. Bradley Johnson who had supervised the cutting of the garments. Such amusing accidents did not seriously hamper the work of the clubs, however, and company after company was outfitted. The women even knitted "cavalry mittens, especially adapted for holding the bridle rein * * * and they saved the men from many a bite of frost, and filled a want that the government did not supply." Other women made "hollow circular pillows, stuffed with the soft gossomer threads of the milkweed, to relieve wounds and bedsores."

While some of the women organized sewing clubs, others formed "Soldiers Friends Associations," "Societies for Relief," and "Refreshment Saloons." These groups, as their names indicate, took care of, visited, wrote letters for, and served refreshments and food to the soldiers who were passing by on their way to and from the front. Some collected and sent supplies, delicacies, socks, gloves, and other articles of wearing apparel to men in camps and at the front. Mrs. Felton writes: "We women were constantly preparing such food and delicacies as we could scrape together to take out to the wounded who were brought by on the trains. We helped nurse them. We found clothing and blankets for them." Another report says that every lady, child and servant in a small village in Virginia was engaged in preparing and carrying food to the wounded as the cars stopped at the station. Mrs. McGuire reports

that "Everybody is busy in supplying their wants as they pass through. On Sunday, just as the girls at one of the large seminaries were about to seat themselves at dinner, the principal of the school came in: 'Young ladies', said he, 'several extra trains have arrived, unexpectedly, filled with troops. The committee appointed to attend them are wholly unprepared. What can we do to help our hungry soldiers?' 'Give them our dinner' cried every young girl at once. In five minutes baskets were filled and the table cleared. * * * Every table in Richmond seemed to have sent its dinner to Broad Street" and the soldiers dined to their hearts' content. Even Southern women residing in the North, like Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan, established "Soup Kitchens" for the Confederate soldiers imprisoned in the vicinity. Thus while some women toiled at the desk, others worked in the diet kitchens, some distributed food and supplies, and still others toured the country collecting anything of use to the soldiers.

Then there were "Ladies Defense Associations" whose purpose was to raise funds for supplies, ammunition, and guns and to provide for the general defense. Fairs and bazaars were held and money and goods, even scrap iron, were collected. In 1862 the women of Georgia began the "Ladies Gunboat Association" and Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers, a graduate of Wesleyan College, collected the first funds in Georgia for building gunboats. The movement spread to other states and the Richmond "Ladies Gunboat Association" raised funds and built the famous gunboat *Richmond*.

As the conflict wore on, sick and wounded were brought in from the battlefields and hospital service became an organized activity for women. Woman's work here was outstanding, and at the same time most trying and difficult. Horrible wounds were to be dressed, and loathsome diseases treated. Hospital supplies and medicines were totally inadquate and because of the blockade almost impossible to obtain. Neither were there a sufficient number of physicians and trained nurses to care for the wounded. Consequently the aid of the women was much sought after. Eggleston says that after the Seven Days' Battle the surgeons in the Richmond hospitals could not dress half the wounds and a "band was formed, consisting of nearly all the married women of the city, who took upon themselves the duty of going to the hospitals and dressing wounds from morning till night; and they persisted in their painful duty until every man was cared for, saving hundreds of lives, as the surgeons unanimously testified." Mrs. McGuire says that the hospitals at Charlottesville were large and admirably managed. "Every lady at this place, or in town, seems to be actively engaged in making the patients comfortable."

Some women with loving devotion followed husbands or sons, nursing the sick and wounded of the outfit to which they belonged. Mrs. Betsy Sullivan, of Pulaski, Tennessee, went through the war with the First Tennessee Regiment and became known as the "Mother" of that organization. She was at one time captured and imprisoned, but made her escape and rejoined her regiment. Mrs. Bettie Taylor Philips, of Morganfield, Kentucky, went with her husband and son, serving at Fort Donelson and at Shiloh. She was captured at the battle of Nashville, taken to Louisville and tried as a spy, but escaped and returned to her camp and did nursing in the field around Atlanta in 1864. Mrs. Ella K. Trader, of Mississippi, served as a nurse at Memphis, Bowling Green, Nashville, Winchester, Corinth, Chattanooga, Marietta and Atlanta; and then went to Pine Bluff, Arkansas, in 1865, to care for her aged father and mother. She won the proud appellation of "the Florence Nightingale of the South." Miss Sally Tomkins, of Richmond equipped a private hospital and cared for more than thirteen hundred sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. When the government decided to take all hospitals under its control, President Davis gave Miss Tomkins a captaincy and permitted her to continue her work. The "Wayside Home" near Millen, Georgia, was built, equipped and conducted by public subscription until Sherman, careless with fire, permitted it to be destroyed.

As the weary war dragged on and more and more sick and wounded had to be cared for, practically every woman in the towns was actively engaged in some form of hospital service. Some wrote letters for the wounded, others brought food, some bathed and watched over the soldiers, and still others administered their medicines. Even this did not suffice and nearly every home in a radius of one hundred miles of such hospital centers as Richmond held one or more wounded soldiers, whom the women considered it a privilege to attend. Mrs. McGuire said that Winchester was "filled with hospitals, and the ladies are devoting their energies to nursing the soldiers. It rejoices my heart to see how much everybody is willing to do for the poor fellows. The ladies think no effort, however self-sacrificing, is too great to be made for the soldiers. Nice food for the sick is constantly being prepared by old and young. Those who are very sick are taken to the private houses, and the best chambers in town are occupied by them."

The heroic service of the women in nursing the wounded cannot be too highly praised. Miss Lennie Russell supported a wounded soldier all night long on the Winchester battlefield and thereby saved his life. Some Southern women magnanimously nursed the wounded and at that time bitterly hated Union soldiers. But let Mrs. J. Henry Smith tell of women's hospital work in Greensboro, North Carolina. She writes as follows: "The unspeakable blessing of hospitals and trained nurses was as yet unknown. More pitiful than all was the absence of anesthetics. Yet in this painful lack of equipment, the self-sacrifice, the ingenuity, and faithful service of our women made what amends were possible. A central room was established where quilting and sewing were daily and dilligently done. Every piece of old linen was scraped and cherished, bandages made, carpets taken up; and all blankets, clothing, food, and whatever could be given up for the comfort of our boys" was sent to them.

The efficiency, warm devotion, and systematized labor of the unsalaried hospital superintendents and nurses accomplished untold good. Whenever there was work to be done, pain to be soothed, life to be saved, army morale to be kept up, the women

of the South were found giving unstintedly of their time and strength. Mrs. Fanny A. Beers was first a volunteer nurse but soon established such a reputation for understanding of the work of nursing and efficiency in charge of a hospital that she was made superintendent of a hospital in Alabama. Thereafter she was in charge of the Buckner hospital in Gainesville, Alabama, the Ringgold, Georgia, hospital, the Newnan, Georgia, hospital, and still other hospitals in Mississippi and Louisiana. All honor to the women who gave and saved fathers, brothers, husbands and sons to the cause. We owe them a debt of gratitude second only to that we owe the fallen heroes who sleep, thanks to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in remembered and well-kept graves.

Still another field of organized and officially recognized woman's work was that of active military service. This work was five fold: first, there were some who saw regular and active military campaigning. These were few in number, and in most cases secured their enlistment in the army through disguise and deception. They bore uncomplainingly, however, the hardships of a soldier's life. Mrs. Rose Rooney of New Orleans, saw service from 1861 to the end of the war. She was for some time a captive and in the excitement of an engagement she asked her guard what was expected of her. He replied, "Go to the devil" whereupon she responded that she had been already too long in his company. Another example of the active soldier was Mrs. L. J. Velasquez who took the name of Lieutenant Harry T. Buford and served throughout the war. A Northern nurse reported that after one engagement the Union forces brought in eight hundred Rebel prisoners, and "among them is a rebel woman, sergeant of artillery—she was the last to leave the gun when captured."

A second group worked in the munition plants. This work was not only unromantic, arduous and dangerous, but the workers were treated as regular combatants. When Richmond fell the munition plants were shelled by the Federal troops and no less than ten women and girls were killed and many more were fatally wounded. Thirdly, some few women offered their services as blockade runners and successfully brought in not only much needed drugs and medicine but also guns and ammunition. Mrs. William Brady, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, lost her husband and only son at Gettysburg. Whereupon she began blockade running to bring in quinine for the sick at Louisiana. Later she brought in guns and other munitions. She fell under suspicion, was detected and arrested by the Federals. Court martialed and convicted, she was sentenced to imprisonment on Ship Island where she died. Absalom Grimes, the famous Confederate mail runner, gives credit to many women and girls who aided him to collect letters and acted as his escort through the lines. Miss Annie Perdue once got through with one thousand letters sewed up in the folds of her skirt.

A fourth group, considerably larger than the others, acted as guides for the troops. One of the most noted of these was Emma Sanson, of Alabama, who led General Nathan Bedford Forrest's troops to a hidden ford and thus enabled Forrest to drive General Streight and his band of raiders from the state. Jenny Morehead, of Georgia, joined Forrest's cavalry and rode at the head of the troop in pursuit of the Federals until General Forrest ordered her against her will to go to the rear. Finally, a large number of women served the Confederacy as spies. By far the larger part of this group is unknown, for only those who were apprehended left any record of their activities. The case of Belle Boyd, of Virginia, fully illustrates the hardships and sufferings of the women Confederate spies. The *London Times* of 1866 said the history of the world did not offer a parallel case. As a friend of General Stonewall Jackson, it was Miss Boyd's custom to learn from the Union soldiers and Union sympathizers around her home in Martinsburg the plans of the Union armies and to disclose them to Jackson and other Confederate leaders. After the battle of Front Royal, Jackson wrote her a letter of thanks for her valuable information. She was ultimately apprehended and sent to the Old Prison in Washington where she was kept in solitary confinement for seven months before being exchanged. No sooner was she given her liberty than she began again to aid the Confederates. She was arrested a second time and imprisoned in the Carroll Place prison in Washington for ten months.

The last phase of the official work of women in the Confederacy to which I wish to call your attention is the Civil Service. Large numbers of women and girls were employed in the war, treasury, postal, note-signing, commissary, and surgeon-general's departments. Mrs. McGuire reports that there were thirty-five women in her shift in the commissary department. Adjutant-General Cooper, Josiah Gorgas Chief of Ordnance, and Postmaster-General Reagan all bore official testimony to the valuable work of women in this field of service.

Let us now turn from organized and official work to the services of women as private individual citizens. We find them just as faithful and loyal whether working with official recognition or as unorganized private citizens. They knitted, they sewed, they gave of their possessions, and they cared for the sick and refugees. Mary Boykin Chesnut, Jr., of South Carolina, said that the soldiers wanted "money, clothes, nurses. So, as I am writing, right and left the letters fly, calling for help from the sister societies at home. Good and patriotic women at home are easily stirred to their work. I do not know when I have seen a woman without knitting in her hands." Mrs. Robert E. Lee, suffering from rheumatism and confined to a rolling chair, not only cut and sewed gloves from scraps of uniform cloth furnished by the factory, but also asked her visitors to join in this work. "Her room was like an industrial school, everybody was busy. Her daughters were all there plying their needles, with several other ladies."

Many women picked their silk garments to pieces and spun the silk for gloves, stockings, and scarfs, for the soldiers. One soldier received a pair of stockings containing this message: "These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old,

(Continued on page 47)

The Best Lady Rider

By CURLIN REED

MY NEPHEW is a well-known statesman. He's more than well-known, he's famous. You read about him and see his picture in newspapers and magazines. They say there are too few of his kind in public life. He is an unafraid fair-minded man of innate culture and fine intellect and uncompromising ideals of service to his country. The last four years have tired him. He is still a lean handsome sallow-faced man with considerable fire and impatience in him.

Biographies are already being written about him. One biographer came to me recently with certain leading questions in regard to the women back through the years of my nephew's life, beginning with his mother, his negro mammy, even myself, and, of course, his wife, all the women who have loved him, women, as he put it, who have had to do with the shaping of the extremely uncertain sensitive mallable material from which a distinguished man is usually made. My nephew's wife is one of the most beautiful and charming wives in Washington or foreign diplomatic circles. She has contributed as much to his career as he has himself. The man knew all about her.

I told him as much as I wanted to tell him. I didn't tell all I know. It's pretty inquisitive, anyway, isn't it, to sit looking at a distinguished man and worry your head about what women have loved him back through the years of his life? I'm a crotchety crippled old woman. I don't tell all I know.

The man said he intended to ask a few questions about town. The town can tell a lot. It's awfully proud of my nephew. It can't tell all.

The town hangs on a bluff above the river. The streets feel their way along the top and wind up and down against the side the best they can. Our street is highest of all. The best street. The best people have always lived on this street. We used to have a little path down the slope of our back yard then a flight of narrow steps under the trees down the steep part of the bluff to the street below, and if anybody had to walk to town he could take a short cut that way instead of going to long way around by the winding-down streets. Now nobody walks and the steps have rotted away. In winter when the trees were bare we could stand on our back porch and look down on the buildings on the street down there but in summer looking down the bluff was like looking into the top of a jungle and we couldn't see the buildings any more than if they weren't there. We could hear the wagons rumbling by and that was all.

Two livery stables were on that street below us. One summer the City Livery changed hands. It was bought by a stranger named Deck Furnass and in an incredibly short time the best trade had changed from the City down to the Royal. For Deck Furnass was a quarrelsome drunkard and the better class of people didn't care to do business with him.

And that summer my nephew, Greer Donelson, was twelve years old. In August his father and mother went to the springs to escape the heat and left him in my care. He was headstrong and daring enough to keep me worried to death but he had gentle little ways of letting me know how much he loved me that I couldn't resist to save my life.

I knew he had been going down on the steps in the afternoon and one day I said, "What are you playing down there, Greer?"

"I'm not playing," he said. "I talk with a girl."

"What girl, Greer?"

"She's Bess Furnass."

Gracious, I knew right then his Mamma—the most fastidious creature ever breathed—wouldn't want him having anything to do with the livery stable man's daughter. "What kind of a little girl is she?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, seriously, and puzzled. "You come down and see her."

So I went down the steps with him. He was very careful with me, the way he'd been taught to be. "My gracious," I've said to all of them, "You'll take such good care of me I'll outlive the lot of you." And I have almost, and that's a fact.

The trees on the bluff made a shade like a heavy enclosed twilight. Pale delicate-leaved ferns sprangled against tree roots and the damp odor of leaf mold was cool in our nostrils. The girl sat midway down the steps with her chin propped on her hard brown fists. No wonder Greer hadn't been able to tell what kind of little girl she was. He never knew anybody like her. She had no daintiness about her, she was broad-shouldered and rough, her bare feet were dusty. He said, "Bess, this is my aunt, Miss Julie Donelson."

She looked at me steadily, suspiciously. She had the darkest most questioning eyes I have ever seen. She didn't speak.

Greer laid a gentle hand on my shoulder, urging me to understand. "Her mother's dead, she says, Aunt Julie."

"I'm very glad to know you, dear," I said. "Won't you come up to the house?" And all the time I was thinking how his mother would throw a fit if she knew he had scraped up a friendship with this child.

That was the only time Bess Furnass was ever in our house. Her feet left dusty tracks on the polished floors. "I wouldn't know how to get around with so much stuff in a house," she said. "But it's pretty." She looked at the matting in the morning sitting room and said, "It's awful clean to walk on." She ran her hand over the books on the library shelves and said, "Who'd ever read all these books? I wouldn't sit still and read a book. You wouldn't catch me." She looked up at the portrait of brother in his officer's uniform and asked, "Is he General Forrest?"

"No," Greer told her, "That's my papa." I reckon he's been telling her about the war.

She entered our big parlor as if she were afraid. And a little contemptuous. She went across to the big piano and touched all the keys, pressing them down but making no sound. "I couldn't play a piano," she said with an inexplicable defiance. She seemed relieved to get out of the big front door and to stand again on the brick walk. The house seemed to stifle her.

But hot draggy afternoons after that Greer met her down on the steps. I reckon he was the only person in the world she trusted. He told her about Forrest and Albert Sidney Johnston and Lee and all the rest of his heroes, Boone, Davy Crockett, Napoleon, all of those. And she told of things that had happened in other places she had lived, of a livery stable fire in Louisville, of a man who stayed on the wharf in St. Louis and thought he owned all the steamboats and when a mate or mud clerk wasn't looking would give orders to the roustabouts. And she had liked the crazy harmless fellow. And Greer liked what she told about him. Down there on the two steps the two children, far apart as they seemed, found a common meeting ground of spirit. And all the time I could hear Greer's lovely mother, just as if she were there, with her delicate eyebrows lifted, white freckled hand halted for the moment above the embroidery she did so beautifully, saying, "Really, Julie, need we associate with people under the hill?"

Shucks, I knew nothing would come of it. Children can live in the same town, one under the hill, one on the hill, and be as far apart as if one were across the continent from the other.

Greer went away to school, then college. Bess Furnass made a wild name for herself. They said she horsewhipped her father. I don't doubt he deserved it. They said she no longer waited until he lay in a drunken stupor to take a horse from the stable but took one whenever she wanted it. Nobody in town could ride like Bess Furnass. She went tearing over town with her wild hair flying, wearing a red waist and the black skirt of a habit. She would dance all night at Spiller's Grove. Only people from under the hill went to the dances at the grove. They were gay and rough. As often as not they ended in fights. Sometimes knives and guns were brought into play.

Greer graduated from college, came home, was admitted to the bar, and fell head-over-heels in love with Flora Dresdon. The Colonel Dresdons lived across the street from us. Flora had her mother's pale gold beauty and her father's quick temper and intelligence. She was a lovely girl. They made a splendid and right couple, Flora Dresdon and Greer Donelson. That's what everybody said. We were enormously pleased.

That year Greer's father and mother spent the entire summer in Canada and he was again in my care. The summer was lazy and long until August. We had the fair in August. We always had it in August. It seemed an exciting quick finish to the slow summer. Nowadays I see my great grandnieces riding straddle a horse and they look like narrow-shouldered flat-chested little men. I tell them that in my day when a lady rode a horse in the fair she looked like a lady. She rode sidesaddle, she wore a long flowing habit, she had drooping plumes on her hat. Lady and horse made a grand harmony of movement like that of a ship smoothly sailing. She looked more than a lady, she looked a beautiful romantic picture of a lady.

That year as usual Minnie Craddock came up from Nashville to visit me and take in the fair. Dumpy little Minnie. She looked a sight on a horse but by some judge's strange fancy, we could never understand, she'd taken a red ribbon and ever since had been trying to repeat the performance.

We had seats on the bottom row of the grandstand, that day, where an elm by the steps threw a hot insect-droning shade. Minnie's riding hat with its white plumes lay on her lap. She was awfully vain of her clothes and those plumes were unusually long and fine. Those plumes are in a chest in my attic right now and if they could talk—well, they couldn't tell what I can tell.

And we sat there and had no desire to hurry the events of the day. It was pleasant and exciting enough just to sit lazy in the shade of the already brassy hot day. The cornet band did its best with more energy than harmony. Dust and voices and noise hung thick on the air. Behind the stand in the small grove, people from the country were hitching and calling to each other and seeing about babies and lunch baskets in the wagons and buggies. Gentlemen, going by to the stables, bowed good morning to us. Colonel Dresdon and Mr. Davis and other fair officials and the out-of-town judges were gathering importantly in the judges' stand.

We saw my nephew coming up from the stables with Freddie Gallup. "I wish he'd get a little more meat on his bones," I said to Minnie, thinking to myself how slim and handsome he was in those fawn trousers and dark coat. They stood before us. Greer always ran on a lot of foolishness with Minnie. She adored him.

"Minnie," he said teasingly touching her hat and the plumes, "You surely don't aim to ride today?"

"Well, I surely do, young man," she snapped. "I'd like to know why not. You know as well as I do I'm going to ride Bugle."

He made her a little bow. "You and Bugle will take the red ribbon, Minnie, sure as preaching." She had no more chance of taking the red ribbon than a goose and they both knew it.

"And who may I ask, Mr. Brag, will take the blue ribbon? You and Flora Dresdon I presume?"

"You are quite right." He made her another bow. His eager eyes turned over the crowd looking for Flora. He hadn't seen her the too-long time since last night.

Freddie mopped his hot face. "I hate to think how hot it's going to be by dinner time," he said in his wheezing voice. All his fat life Freddie Gallup had talked as if he were tired to death. "I'd as soon lie right down here in the shade and sleep all day. Don't matter to me who's the best horse and the best lady rider and best gentleman rider. Next time I let anybody talk me into going to Spiller's Grove when it's already past midnight and I've done lost a week's sleep I'll know it."

"Nobody talked you into going. Great scott, every man in the crowd tried to make you go home."

"Did you go to Spiller's Grove, Greer?"

"Yes'm, we all went. After we'd said goodnight to the girls." They laughed together, he and Freddie, unintentionally excluding us from what they remembered of a rowdy August night with scrape of fiddles and boisterous laughter rising to meet the glitter of a silver moon through the dark blot of trees that was Spiller's Grove. And I thought, with a sudden flash of age-old resentment, how it was always like that; well-bred young ladies had to be in their sheltered bedrooms at a proper early hour but well-bred young gentlemen could gallivant all the warm night long if the notion suited them, could ride out to Spiller's Grove and look on or even join in the dancing, dancing with girls from under the hill whose faces they wouldn't remember next day.

Greer leaned down and touched my knee. "Guess who I danced with last night, Aunt Julie? I danced with Bess Furnass." A reminiscent excitement stirred in his voice. "I haven't seen Bess since she was a little girl."

Freddie Gallup said, "I'll say he danced with her! The gal's a dancer. Old Greer was plumb swept off his feet."

"Don't talk like a fool, Freddie," Greer said good-naturedly.

Flora Dresdon and the Porter girls and Libby Akers and Jack and Harry Sutter came up from the needlework exhibits. Flora's hat had lovely black plumes on it. She held the skirt of her habit up from the dust. Greer thought she was beautiful. His eyes said so. "Tom's bringing up our horses," he said.

Her light gold lashes covered her eyes. "I'm not going to ride today, Greer," she told him, so coolly that for a moment the words didn't startle him.

He laughed. "I'd like to know why. Who else could take a blue ribbon with me?"

"Bess Furnass might. You can ask Bess Furnass to ride with you." Outraged pride and vanity, too, sounded. Her words fell like tinkling spatters of ice. Somebody had carried a tale that was more than the truth.

The smile straightened out of his lips. His glance touched questioningly on every avidly listening face of the little group, every face in possession of some knowledge withheld from him. "Very well," he said, meeting her level gaze, "I will."

He walked at once to some young people leaning against the fence. They were not aware of us. It seemed incredible that reverberations of our own tenseness had not rolled out to others. Bess Furnass stood there. She turned quickly when Greer spoke to her and surprise so great that it was half fear came on her face.

He took her hand and led her back to us. He spoke with a brittle gaiety and enthusiasm, forestalling interruption or refusal. "Aunt Julie, Bess is going to do me the honor of riding with me." He said to Minnie, "Let Bess wear your hat, Minnie. She hasn't a hat. You don't want to ride today. Say you don't." Minnie would have given her own head if he'd asked for it. She handed up the hat from her lap.

"Take it, girl. It'll be a sight more becoming to you than to me I reckon." Her voice broke nervously. We didn't know what would happen.

Bess Furnass was trembling. We could see. "I couldn't she whispered imploringly, I couldn't— The girl had loved Greer from that time long ago on the steps. Suddenly I knew it.—

"Yes you can," he cried in that unnatural glad loud voice. "You'll wear Minnie's hat and ride with me and be the best lady rider."

And she was. Nobody could ride like Bess Furnass. Two by two came the riders, plumes on the ladies' hats lifting in gentle waving, sleek coats of the horses glistening in the sun. The crowd saw only two of all those riders, my nephew and Bess Furnass, both so dark, so handsome, on the two beautifully matched blacks, both riding unseeingly, balanced out-thrust on the spear-point of transcendent emotion, the one of joy, the other of anger. The crowd stared, astonished. Bess Furnass, bold as brass, riding with Greer Donelson, Flora Dresdon standing alone, holding her habit daintily from the dust, no betraying expression on her beautiful face, it was unbelievable.

Bess Furnass was the best lady rider, Greer the best gentleman rider. No local man would have dared to judge them so but the judges were from out of town. Somebody came down from the stand and tied the blue ribbons on their arms. The ribbons fluttered out as they rode off. The cornet band recovered from its paralysis and blared forth a loud triumphant discord.

One of those boys who had been with Greer at Spiller's Grove started all that. Harry Sutter with his little gossip mind, that's who it was. And Flora and Greer were too young, too foolish, too full of pride, too quick to jump at conclusions. It was very terrible. Every day and all through the urgent August nights Greer was with Bess Furnass, riding, flinging her in the face of the town you might say. At the end of two weeks he told me that he had asked her to marry him.

He would do it, I knew. Even that. Not only in his madness of spite but because the tenuous understanding of that childish summer had flamed now into a consuming conflagration. "Very well," I said with my suddenly stiff lips, "If that's your intention you'd better bring her up to the house to call. I've known men who married beneath them. Sometimes it works out, usually it doesn't." My heart ached with bitterness. We had built all our hopes on Greer. Now he was throwing them away.

That very night Bess Furnass went down the bluff to the river, helped herself to a small boat, and rowed out to the middle of the river. The boat was picked up several days later. The body was never found. That must have been forty-five years ago, back then when we had the fairs and the ladies rode for blue ribbons.

I was visiting Minnie Craddock's youngest grandson in New Orleans not long ago. I was so old they thought I was a curiosity to be shown off to New Orleans the way they showed New Orleans off to me. They took me to all the eating places. One was a place called Pierre's. They said I hadn't properly seen New Orleans until I had eaten at Pierre's. It wasn't much, to my way of thinking. Just plain scrubbed tables and chairs and a narrow stairway going up against one wall.

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COLONEL BOB

By JOSEPHINE M. TURNER

IT WAS a clear, cool day in late winter. An old man was aboard the train that made its daily run through the mountains of Kentucky. This was his second trip in the huge monster. His first one had been just a few days before, when he left his mountain home to visit his son in Lexington.

The placidness of the view showed a marked contrast to the busy life of which he had caught a glimpse, and he was impatient to reach the end of his journey.

On the mountain sides there were long icicles which clung to projecting rocks. A clear stream of water trickled hurriedly down a ravine to find some mighty river. Tall, naked trees, except for some clumps of mistletoe, towered above the cedars and the undergrowth must have hidden some cows, for the far-off tinkle of a cow bell caught the ear. The coach was close and cinders were blown about on the red plush cushions as the door was opened from time to time, and the fresh mountain air blew down the aisle.

The old man was tall—quite six feet—with snow white hair, well trimmed moustache and a goatee, such as worn by the much pictured Kentucky Colonel. He was a real Kentucky Colonel—Colonel Robert Talliaferro, called Tolliver in the mountains, and had won his title when he followed that dauntless John H. Morgan in the sixties. He wore a soft gray hat and suit of the same color, the cut of which showed it had seen service for many years. His dim gray eyes indicated a kindly nature, but his broad chin denoted great determination.

The conductor came through the coach and drawled out the station: "Jam-bar-e-e." An ebony porter helped the Colonel, as he struggled into his overcoat. Then he gathered up the travelers belongings—a huge buffalo rug and a battered telescope around which two leather straps were wrapped. The old man pulled on a pair of home knit yarn gloves, picked up his hickory cane and tottered out behind the porter, measuring each step carefully until he was on terra firma.

A stoop-shouldered, wrinkled negro limped up to welcome him and as he gathered the robe and baggage up, a mutual love showed in the face of each, as withered white hand clasped ebony one.

"I'se sho' glad you'se back, Col. Bob," and the old negro's face beamed as he escorted his master to an old carriage of an early date, to which was hitched two brown horses.

"Leh'me wrop yo' up good," insisted the negro, as he tucked a home spun blanket around his master, then over-topped it with the buffalo robe, until the solitary passenger was almost hidden from sight.

As they made their way over the frozen ground, the negro recited the happening of events during his absence. It was quite dark by the time they had traveled the three miles from the station. The Colonel's eyes took on a softer expression as he saw the lights twinkling from the window of his home—the only place he had ever lived. As he approached the house, the front door opened by a sweet faced, gray haired little woman—his wife. He kissed the furrowed brow and in a pathetic voice said:

"O,' Ma, I'm so glad to be home again." Since their first, and only living child was born the two had been Pa and Ma.

Excitedly he began to tell of the days spent with their only son, John, his wife, Mary, and the family in their new home in Lexington.

"Wait 'til you've et yore supper," she said, "I've got fried ham and hot biscuit and the coffee is a gettin' cold." "All right," he answered as he followed her into the high ceilinged kitchen, where an oil lamp with bright reflector showed dim shadows about the room. The two sat down at the small table, covered with red and white checked table cloth; the Colonel asked a fervent blessing, then partook heartily of the food, which he said: "Only Ma knew how to cook."

When they had finished eating, cleaned the dishes, bolted the kitchen door and blown out the light, the two went back into the family room. It presented an array of furniture of many years ago; a bureau, wash-stand on which stood a flowered bowl and pitcher, a posted bed over which was spread a blue "kiverlid," some pictures of early heroes and "a sampler on which was worked in yarn "God Bless Our Home." In the center of the mantel an old clock ticked the hours away; at one end several lamps stood in a row and at the other end was a bottle of camphor and a blue vase filled with candle-lighters. On the floor was a faded brussels carpet, with hooked rugs scattered about.

The keynote of the room was a small reading table, on which were a bright nickel lamp with opal glass shade, a large battle-scarred Bible and the weekly edition of the county paper. There were two black walnut rocking chairs, one on each side of the table and on the back of each a crocheted "tidy." A blazing coal fire burned in a modern grate, fitted into an old-fashioned fire place.

The Colonel took a crude boot-jack from a peg at the side of the mantel, and, after several attempts pulled off his soft kid boots. Then he sat down in his special chair, stretched his legs their full length and, the second time, began to tell of his visit.

"Hit's quare," he began, "the house is big, bigger'n the hotel at the burg, but it 'pears as how John's los' money. The house is made out'n rock and there hain't nary a brick walk, jes' rock with grass a growin' twixt 'em. In the family room 'cept there hain't no bed in it, there's a rock fireplace and they burn wood in it. Mus' be a good one too, for the house is hot. Nary a carpet on the

place. Just a passel o' rugs like this'n" as he kicked at the hooked rug before the fire, "an' some ole wore out 'uns whut muss up ever time a body treds on em. I cum nigh a' breakin' my neck onct when one uv 'em went a kiten frum under me an' me a landin' on my back."

"What did they do with all the rugs," Ma asked.

"I dunno, but I'se afeard they had to sell 'em to pay the carpenters. They ain't got nary a thing they had befo' they moved frum the burg to Lexington. An' lamps, by cracky, I wisht yo' mout a' saw 'em. Ole glass ones, an' even a passel uv ole bottles. The things that made me feel the worst wuz when John Jr., went a gallavanten 'bout wid no hat on. I shore felt purty bad."

"Shorely he didn't go bareheaded in winter time."

"Yes, he did an' no sleeves in his undershirt an' drawers cut of'n at his knees. I slipped five dollars to him and tole him to buy hisself a hat and underclose. 'Long as I got a dollar no granchile o' mine is a goin' haf naked. I tell yo' he's a fair and proper boy. He's a puttin' up a big bluff. He jus' grinned and said, 'Grandad, you're a trump.' "

"I'm glad yo' had the money," Ma said and continued, "I'm jus' 'fraid they'll have the flu."

"An' " he continued, "Mary cooks on the table, whar they eat. Thar's a nigger a' wearin' a white apurn an' a white topknot a pottern' 'bout, but I reckon she's afeard she'll git herself' dirty a cookin'. Yes sirree, made coffee, waffles and toast wid us a lookin' on. Mary's stingy too, ever feller butters his own toast and the dry stuff so hard I couldn't eat it. Nary a drap o' shortenin' on the waffle irons. Jes' poured de batter on. I don't know why dey didn't stick, but dey didn't. Nary a biscuit de hull time I'se gone."

"I'm glad I stayed home an' looked after things," mused Ma sadly.

"Whut got me," he went on as if he had not heard her, "was Mary and the gals a' smokin'."

"A smokin'?" she gasped.

"Yes sirree Bob! All uv 'em lit up an' smoked. An' yo' recollect when Mary cum to see us before her and John was tied, how we had to hide ole gramma when she smoked her pipe, and she had asmie. The wimmen smoke the cigrets in pesky little straws."

"It shore is hard to believe" answered Ma.

"An' as soon as John ud come in he'd start a shakin' sumpin' in some kind a contrapshin an' young an' ole would have a swig."

"Not the wimmin" asked Ma.

"Huh! They's the fust ones thar. I'se 'feared sometime thar'd be a ruction, but didn't none uv em pull ary a gun."

"An' thar's somethin' I wan' ter tell yo', but yo' musn't think anything 'bout it. It's the wimmens legs, lims" he stammered. "Yo' never seen anything like 'em. Split skirts and a showin' they knees an' dresses wid no backs. Jes, a showin' bare skin all time."

"What's John say. He was allus so modes'."

"Well, he shore fergot to move his modesty an' lef' it at tother place. Yo' jes outer hear the jokes he tole befo' a gatherin'."

"Hit's beyon' my reckonin'." she answered.

"Hit's a dirty place too. All uv 'em scrub ever night. Sattdy wuz allus 'nuff fer us. John tried to make me git in one ov em tubs. No, sir! Yo' didn't ketch me a strippin' off start naked as a jay bird, an' a big lookin' glass in thar. Whut times all uv 'em had. 'Bout time fur a body to be in bed 'long cum a passel a' squirts fer a big to-do, a cuttin' didos an' a dancin'. Young shavers a pawin' over gals an' 'em a layin' on the boys."

"I plum fergot to tell you 'bout the sheets. Mary is stingy fer she had colored sheets an' piller slips."

"Now, Pa, you know they's blankets."

"I reck'n I know a sheet frum a blanket. I slept twixt two blue sheets. Thar warn't nary a blanket, and a blue pillar slip."

"I'm glad I didn't see yo'," his wife answered, "fer yo' mus' uv looked like a baby."

"I dunno how I looked, but the bed was shore hard, fer there warn't a feather tick on the bed."

"An' at one uv the farcuses a man axed me who 'pinted me Colonel. I jes' axed him ef he ever heard uv John Morgan that I rid wid him." Then he gave a long yawn and said: "I'm all tuckered out, les' go to bed." * * *

An entirely different scene was taking place in the Talliaferro home in Lexington. It had been a busy day for John. First he had seen his father safely on the train, then there had been a director's meeting and dinner in town. It was late when he got home and found Mary alone.

"Br-r-r" he said shivering, as he came into the cheerful living room and took off his fur-lined overcoat. "It surely is cold outside" he said, as he pulled his chair up before the blazing log fire.

"I know it, that's why I didn't go out and play bridge tonight," answered Mary, "and besides I wanted an opportunity to talk."

"Now, don't begin about the Colonel, Mary," John interrupted. "After all he is my father and he has a right to come to see us. I tried to keep him out of sight, but the night Mr. Marshall came and found he was an honest to goodness Colonel and got him to talking on life in the mountains, I couldn't stop either one of them. Of course now everyone knows we came from up there, but I can't help it."

"It's about the Marshalls I want to talk," Mary began excitedly, "You know she belongs to the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Colonial Dames and—"

"Please, Mary, hush. I'll do anything. How much money do you want?"

"I wish you would let me finish," she replied and continued:

"This afternoon Mrs. Marshall called and asked me to join all of the things I've wanted to belong to so long. First she apologized for not having called before. She said Mr. Marshall had told her that daddy Bob continued to use all of the old mountain dialect and that the mountain stock was so pure, and she wanted to know when he was coming back so that she can come out and see him. Sometime during the year she is going to give a paper on Mountain Dialect and she wants her material first hand."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed John, "just think I've spent barrels of money in my effort to get you and the children in society and Colonel Bob came down from the mountains and did it instead."

Ancestor Hunting

WE HAVE spent the summer hunting ancestors in Tennessee.

Ancestor hunters—you have seen them. Gone-to-seed individuals, remembering the glory of grandfather Miles who fought with Robert E. Lee, recalling the romance of great-aunt Jane who married and went to California in Forty-Nine, seeking color for themselves in the bright uniforms and flowered crinolines of long ago. Unfruitful seeds, hanging on dried stalks, entombing the fragrance of blossoms that used to be.

Knowing that we would be so catalogued, we exposed ourselves cheerfully to the virus of the ancestor hunting bug.

And what a bug! One that sends you out with your gun cocked for ghosts. One that makes you, the child of the fourth generation, stand gloating over the grave of your great-great-grandfather! One that makes you seize ancient family Bibles and thumb through the pages until you come to those few yellowed sheets between the Old and the New Testaments where some trembling hand has inscribed the momentous record of a birth, a death, or a marriage of a lost ancestor. A bug that makes you sit for uncounted hours in hot, dusty courthouses, so filled with the deeds of the dead that you resent interruptions from the living. A bug that sends you into attics whose very dust is a "promise of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." A bug that forces you to bargain eagerly for every bit of yellowed paper. A bug that will not let you be content until you know what your own ancestors (and their neighbors, too) wore and ate and how much it cost them. A bug that makes you "care for the widows and orphans" as never before.

The widow is one of the problems of the ancestor hunter's life, one of the perplexing problems and one of the sustaining joys. Following her line often leads us astray, and then, again, it rewards us.

If our ancestor failed to leave a will the court saw that his widow was given a year's allowance, and thus we learn the name of his last wife (who may have been our ancestress) and all she had to eat and wear for a year. For instance, I found that the court set aside for Tembte Gunn, relict of Miles Gunn:

15 barrels of corn at $1.00	$15.00
3 hundred weight of pork at $2.50	7.50
10 lbs. coffee at 50c pr. lb.	5.00
20 lbs. sugar at 20 cents pr. lb.	4.00
the sixth of February 1824	$31.50

If my motive in searching through county records had been a justification for a pride in my ancestors I think I might be allowed to boast of this widow who spent only $31.50 in one year.

Another widow, Nancy Harrison, relict of William, was provided with the following articles, to-wit: "Two red hogs, nine barrels of corn, six bushels of wheat, ten pounds of coffee, twenty pounds of sugar, eighty pounds of salt, fifty pounds of soap, and six pounds of wool rolls. This 27th Oct., 1845." Pork and corn, wheat and coffee, sugar and salt—these were her foods—soap for cleanliness, and wool rolls for raiment. But why was she given eighty pounds of salt to salt down two red hogs? And what could she do with fifty pounds of soap? Problems like these are more challenging than jig-saw puzzles. We cannot put a few facts together and have a pretty picture of a "clean, fine ancestress" who liked her pork salty.

We do not know that the widow Nancy was our ancestress; we know, only, that she was the living wife of our great-great grandfather William when he died. The Tennessee pioneer crossed the Blue Ridge and the Smokies, fought the Cherokee and the Creek Indians, cut down the virgin forests, plowed his lands and built his home, and often seemed to thrive on the hardship. Sometimes the wife of his youth (and he married very young) could share with him; but sometimes the double burden of life in a hard country and multiple motherhood were too much for her strength. Many of the hardier pioneers, we found, married as many as three times, and which of the wives was the mother of one particular child only a combination of hard work and luck could tell us. We know then that Nancy, wife of William in his old age, may have been our ancestress. Or perhaps our great-great grandmother was buried in one of the unmarked graves in the old family burying ground thirty years before William died.

Yes, we cherish the widows and the orphans. In divisions of property and in wills naming those orphaned grandparents whom we know we learn their fathers' names. So from son to parent we find our way back into the past.

The books of Wills and Inventories, the Minute Books of the County Courts, the Deed Books, the Family Bibles, the old letters and documents belonging to individuals, the family traditions, the recollections of the old people, and musty books in cool libraries—these are our sources. From these we come to know our people. Those few ancestors who were the great men of their age left many records; some genealogist has probably preserved them for us. The fainter impress of a man who was content to be a good citizen in his small neighborhood has almost disappeared a hundred years after his death. He is our challenge, and a worthy one, because we are carried into the pushing depths of the stream of community life when we know him.

Read a partial list of the articles that were bought at the sale of the household properties of Archer Winn after his death:

1 cider mill	$1.50
1 spinning wheel	.50
1 churn	.50
1 wheel and shoe tools	.30
1 sausage grinder	.50
1 large kettle	1.00

Read this with an understanding heart. Go back to the old Winn home that stands in a grove of maple trees. Go into the house with someone who is old enough to remember (and glad to find you who are patient with his memories) and ask him where the spinning wheel stood. Ask him where they made the cider and what has become of the apple orchard. In this house which was the Winn home for more than a hundred years it is easy to recall a day when a spinning wheel, a cider mill, a churn, a wheel and shoe tools, a sausage grinder, and a large brass kettle were part of the ordinary equipment of every home. Here the obituary of Archer Winn's wife becomes a tribute to every woman who struggled with pioneer conditions: "For sixty-five years she has lived and toiled in this state; entering while she was yet young and the country was yet new and very inconvenient she battled against the disadvantages of that day, but at her death she realized that things were very comfortable and indeed very prosperous around her." The house on the hill in the maple grove was a setting for a life that was comfortable and indeed very prosperous in comparison with the homes of the older settlers.

One of the Tennessee pioneers whose experience was typical was Charles McIntosh who came before 1796 to the Territory of the United States South of the River Ohio from the mother state of North Carolina. There was no comfort nor prosperity for him in those early days. His home was a cave, a safe home for times when the Indians raided the settlements, for the path to his domicile was a pebble-bottomed stream in which his tracks were not visible. Many caves were so used by cautious pioneers in this limestone country where there were countless springs flowing from caves to the Red River.

A few years later, after Tennessee became a state, Elizabeth and George Barbee came over the mountains from North Carolina, their son jogging pleasantly over the bumps in a cradle made from a hollow log. Indian raids being less feared now, men were no longer forced to hide in caves or huddle with other settlers in forts, so Elizabeth and George built a log house with two very small rooms and a stout chimney. Even so the country was "yet new and very inconvenient" for the young mother in her log cabin. We know almost nothing of her, and yet enough to know that this was true. We have seen her home; we wonder how the two rooms could have held the brood of eight. We climbed into the attic and walked across the rotten rafters to rescue a trundle bed. We walked around the house, pushing aside the waist-high weeds, and found a knotted lilac bush. Down the hill and on the far side of the pond we found her grave. We know so little of her—a log house, a trundle bed, a lilac bush, her age when she died. That is all that and the few traditions of her heritage and her eccentricities that have survived the seventy five years since her death.

Two miles below the Barbee cabin, to the right of the road, we found the large three-story brick house that was the home of Elizabeth's son, Austin. Back of the house were the slave quarters and back of them were the fields of tobacco and corn. Nearby was a pond: a depression from which Austin took the clay to make the brick that went into his own home and into the homes of his neighbors, into the first school house of the neighborhood and into the Baptist church. Before the war of 61-65 his slaves made the bricks and built the buildings, cultivated his corn and tobacco, and were lent to his children to make their lives more comfortable (he never sold a slave, 'twas said). After the war he was poorer, but still rich in comforts in comparison with Elizabeth and George Barbee, who had lived hard lives in a new state, and wealthy indeed in comparison with Charles McIntosh who lived in a cave in the Territory of the United States South of the River Ohio. He must have thought of this and been eager for a continuance of progress for his children when he was dying for he said then (and I have it from one of his great grandchildren who heard him), "I can die happy now that the railroad has come to Russellville."

So we reviewed in one day the accomplishments of three generations; we progressed in actual pilgrimage and in imagination from cave to cabin to spacious home. Now that we have gone into their homes and into their graveyards we know how they struggled, we know how dearly bought our own prosperity. The family burying grounds tell the same story of pioneer hardship and slow progress that was told by the homes. When we walk through those old places of burial for the pioneer dead we feel a kinship for them, for we are obstructed by the trees and bushes, scratched by the briars, tripped by the vines, bruised by the stones and frightened by the snakes and insects as they were. We are glad when we come to more recent graveyards and find the graves well marked and tended.

In studying the lives of these individuals, Charles McIntosh, who lived in a cave in those early days when fear of Indians dominated the settlers; Elizabeth Barbee, who lived in a log cabin when it was safe to live a few miles from the neighbors and cultivate many acres of land; Austin Barbee, who lived in a fine brick house when there began to be a market for specialized crops (such as the heavy black tobacco that was sent to Europe) and when there was need of small-scale manufacturing; who would accuse us of narrowing our interests to include only our own ancestors? We know their neighbors through them. We know history through them. Beyond the otherwise blank "periods" in history we see these people who were real. Our small pictures of local history give us the background for national history. Because we have found enlightening inscriptions on the stones that mark the graves of our people we are tempted to stop at every old cemetery. Every old home and schoolhouse and church is pleasantly haunted by the ghosts of "folks" who were like our own pioneering people. The cool, dim reading room of the library invites us with its biography, and we can never pass the open doors of an old book store.

We begin to collect: daguerreotypes, old letters, old books, old furniture. (We came home this summer with a trundle bed, a weaving shuttle, a brick from the Austin Barbee home, a Godey print, a pair of rusty hinges, and a Minute Book of the Cumberland Baptist Association of 1859.) And collecting and digging for records, we plan to travel afar, over the mountains to Virginia and to North

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GEORGE W. JOHNSON

Provisional Governor of Kentucky Under the Confederacy

GEORGE W. JOHNSON seems to have possessed so many of the qualities that make for true greatness, that it is difficult in any description of him to avoid the suggestion of fulsome praise and flattery, than which nothing could have been more distasteful to him. Born into a distinguished family, with ample means, more than ordinary good looks and great personal charm, he seems to have inspired in men and women in all walks of life an admiration and affection which disarmed criticism.

One of six sons of William and Betsy Payne Johnson, George was born May 27, 1811 in Scott County, Kentucky, on a part of the tract of land bought by his grandfather Robert Johnson from Patrick Henry in Virginia in 1779. William Johnson fought in the war of 1812 as did all the rest of the Johnson clan. While never achieving the distinction attained by his brothers Richard M. and James, he won the commendation of General William Henry Harrison and the rank of Major. His death, so soon after his return from the campaign, would suggest that he made the supreme sacrifice for his country. His widow later married John Allen and with her sons moved to Mr. Allen's home in Fayette county about six miles from Lexington on the Harrodsburg Pike. Here George, with his step-brothers and sister, his half-brothers and own brothers, grew to manhood, attended Transylvania, took a law course and returned to Georgetown to practice law. Shortly after his marriage to Ann Viley, the daughter of Captain Willa Viley, a large land owner of Scott county, he moved with his family to a handsome farm on the Ironworks Pike, the property of his wife, where soon the traditional colonial house in its setting of spacious lawn and orchards was the center of the social life of the neighborhood. Later he expanded his farming operations to include cotton planting in Arkansas, where another home was established and the winters spent.

With an inherited taste for political science and traditions of leadership in a family which from Colonial days had furnished men of distinction to state and nation, he served several terms as a member of the legislature from Scott county, but consistently refused to be drawn into the turmoil of a political career. That it was an attitude, rare then as now, is indicated by this comment of his friend George D. Prentiss, the columns of whose paper were always open to Johnson's astute and pungent political writings, "George W. Johnson was a picked man, a rare and exquisite man. He, who with brilliant talents and culture, great opportunities and great inducements, in a country like ours, refuses office to the last without withdrawing himself from affairs, still taking an eager interest in them, and lending his counsel and influence to lesser men, is as an oasis in a desert."

As the war clouds thickened, Johnson's influence was always conciliatory. "A constitutional union such as ours," he writes, can not rest upon force. Mutual interests, fraternal love and an enlightened and calm wisdom, are the true bonds of the Union."

Forced in September 1861, by wholesale arrests of Southern sympathizers, to leave his home, he in company with Breckinridge and others, found his way through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky to Virginia, then through Tennessee to Bowling Green, Kentucky which was occupied by Confederate troops under General Buckner.

Mr. Johnson immediately set on foot the organization of a provisional government for the State. A convention was held at Russellville, a constitution was adopted, under which he was chosen Governor. His memorial to the President and Congress of the Confederate States, which admitted Kentucky as a member of the Southern Confederacy is recognized as one of the most brilliant state papers of the period.

When the Confederate forces were withdrawn from Kentucky, Governor Johnson accompanied them, after carefully depositing all the assets, books and money of the Provisional government in a Glasgow bank. He became the companion and guest in the field of the Commander General Albert Sidney Johnston, and assisted at the councils which culminated in the battle of Shiloh.

On the 6th of April he went into battle as a voluntary aid to General Breckinridge. When the Kentucky Brigade was separated from General Breckinridge, he accompanied it as a volunteer aid to Colonel Trabue. When his horse was shot under him he entered, on foot, the ranks of Captain Ben Monroe's Company with which he fought the remainder of the day. That night, taking the oath of a private soldier, he was enrolled as a member of Company E, Fourth Kentucky Infantry.

On the following day he went into battle—his young comrades inspired by his presence—and in one of the bloody charges of the afternoon he was mortally wounded. All night he lay upon the sodden battlefield alone, with two wounds upon his body.

Next morning General Alexander McDowell of the Union Army—one of the five brothers, known as the 'fighting McCooks" of Ohio—accompanied by General William Nelson, was riding over the battlefield. They had reached the water-oaks woods where McCook's 2nd Division of the Army of the Ohio had had its hardest fighting and where Rousseau's Brigade, attacking the dreaded woods,

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KENTUCKY DAY

By MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

ONE of the mountain ballads begins the history of Kentucky with:

"The first to come through Cumberland Gap,
Was Thomas Walker, an English chap."

It will be of interest to know why the day, December 12, was chosen, it was because on this day in 1749, Dr. Thomas Walker agreed to make a survey of what is now Kentucky. True, he and his party did not get to the State until March of the following year, his cabin is still standing near Barbourville, Ky., and has been recently purchased by the local post of the American Legion, with the intention of making it a state shrine.

The day was secured by Mrs. John L. Woodbury when chairman of education for the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Hon. McHenry Rhoads acted for the State schools, and Mr. Byron W. Hartley for the schools of Louisville. While this day is not designated by a statute, it is proclaimed by the governor each year.

On December 9, 1934, Governor Ruby Laffoon said, "It will be fitting to renew one's history of Kentucky, to observe the day in all schools of the State. Every county has points of historical interest, and people who have been distinguished in many ways, adding glory to the State. Therefore in order to further this interest, I proclaim December 12, as Kentucky Day, and ask observance throughout the State."

This is not a holiday, it being felt that more is accomplished by a program given in every school, than to dismiss the pupils with no very clear idea why this is done.

The State of Kentucky was the second to be admitted to the Union after the thirteen colonies had achieved their independence. It was a part of Virginia, and much of its early history is bound up with that of the mother State. The Kentucky Resolutions, passed by the State Legislature in 1798, one of the early statements insisting on the rights of the several states, were drawn up by Thomas Jefferson "of Virginia." Many men who became distinguished, and who are accredited to Kentucky were really born in Virginia—as Henry Clay—to give but one example.

The State seal shows two men with clasped hands and the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall." The State flag is dark blue with this seal, two flags draped behind it, an eagle with out spread wings on top, with the motto on a ribbon held in his beak. The whole is surrounded with a wreath of golden rod. Golden rod is the State flower, the tulip poplar is the State tree.

The name Kentucky has many interpretations. It is of Indian origin and has been held to mean, dark and bloody ground, from the fact that while no Indian tribe was resident here, it was a hunting ground, game being abundant: hunting parties often met and a battle ensued. Some authorities claim it means tomorrow. It was the property of the Iroquois, and they reserved it to serve as a refuge when they should be forced to leave their homes near the Atlantic sea coast. So they called it the land of Tomorrow, where they might live in future. The most descriptive definition is meadow land. To one who has seen its gently rolling blue grass slopes, its great wheat and corn fields, or its almost tropical looking hemp crops—"meadowland" seems to fit as no other explanation does.

Kentucky has had four constitutions. The first adopted in 1792; the second in 1800; the third in 1850; the fourth (the present one) 1891. The first adoption was at Danville on Monday, June 4th, 1792. The first general assembly met in Lexington, a second session was held in Lexington, but the seat of government was changed to Frankfort, where the capitol has been ever since 1793. There have been eight capitol building, some temporary. The session of the general assembly of 1910 was the first to be held in the present building.

The Kentucky Historical Society fell heir to the "old Capitol" and is fittingly housed in this classic looking building, which has a curving unsupported stone stairway, which is visited by architects from all over the world.

It is such facts as these which are rehearsed on Kentucky day in the schools. In the larger cities the libraries have on view collections of old maps and pictures, as well as books by Kentuckians, and books about Kentucky. School children are invited to see these exhibitions and every museum also invites visitors.

Of recent years there has been a renewed interest in the State's history. Pilgrimages are made to Harrodsburg, oldest town in the State, from which place George Rogers Clark and other pioneers left to go to Vincennes, and the campaign which resulted in addition of much territory to the union—to Bardstown with its celebrated cathedral well over a century old, also the "Old Kentucky Home" (the home of the Rowan family) where was written the State song of that name, by Stephen Collins Foster—to the tomb and family burying ground of Zachery Taylor on the Brownsboro Road not far from Louisville. In plain sight from the cemetery is the house in which Jefferson Davis was married to Sarah Knox Taylor, his first wife.

Some schools have an imaginary tour of the State Parks, and with a map, and as many pictures as possible, go eastward to Cumberland Falls and Natural Bridge, or westward to Fairview, where the Jefferson Davis monument lifts its head, stopping at many other places in between.

When the day was first established members of the various patriotic societies were called on for nearly all the speakers, but recently the schools have prepared their own programs and have invited the members of these societies as visitors. An interesting feature is that many times the students in the History and English classes of the higher schools go to the grammar schools to make the short addresses.

STRATFORD DEDICATED

THE dedication of Stratford Hall as a national shrine, which took place Saturday, October 12th, brought together thousands of the people who honor the memory of General Robert E. Lee, his illustrious father, Light Horse Harry Lee, and the other patriots of the American Revolution who lived at Stratford over a century ago.

The dedication was under the auspices of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc., the organization which purchased and is restoring Stratford.

The hour of opening was in the early afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The completed program as arranged by Mrs. Orton Bishop Brown, Chairman of the Program Committee was as scheduled. The invocation given by the Right Reverend Bishop H. St. George Tucker, the Address of Welcome by His Excellency, George C. Peery, Governor of Virginia, a brief talk by Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, representing the National Advisory Board of the Lee Foundation. The Dedicatory Address, by Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, followed by a Benediction pronounced by the Reverend Giles B. Cooke, aged ninety-seven years, the last surviving member of General Lee's staff. Music was furnished by a band. During the processional, "America" was played. General Lee's favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation" was sung. The final number was the National Anthem.

All the participants in the dedicatory exercises met in the Great Hall of the Mansion. Members of the National Advisory Board led the group down the grand South stairway. These include President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Senator Harry Flood Byrd, Mr. John W. Davis, Dr. Henry Louis Smith, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Senator Carter Glass, Mr. S. Otis Bland, Ex-Governor John Garland Pollard, Senator Blair Lee, Mr. George Gordon Battle, Senator William Cabell Bruce, Governor George C. Peery, of Virginia, Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines, Dr. John H. Finley, Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, Rev. Giles B. Cooke, General R. A. Sneed, Mr. Joseph Lee, Mr. Eugene W. Stetson, Mr. Francis P. Garvan, Mr. Henry W. Lanier, Mr. Robert Jemison, Jr., Mr. John Stewart Bryan, and Mr. Robert A. Lancaster, Jr. Following them was Mr. William H. Fain, Counsel of the Lee Foundation; Mr. Garland Powell Peed, Active Chairman of the Sponsors for the Dedication of Stratford Hall; Miss Ethel

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BOOK REVIEW

"The Letters of General Ewell," edited by Captain Percy Gatling Hamlin, is a remarkable revelation of a delightful personality, showing kindly humor, strong affection for family and friends, much wisdom, and unbelievable powers of physical endurance.

The letters are sketchy, giving no details of any of the battles in which General Ewell participated. The letters entertain one through several hours of reading, and give stories of General Ewell soldiering in the West and in Mexico, after a West Point career not particularly notable in any respect.

The interesting preface shows Ewell to have been a worthy exponent of the Jackson tradition in his methods, his courage, and daring, despite his lost limb early in his career.

No new light is thrown upon the complexities of Gettysburg, although there is an interesting labelling of the varied opinions of that disaster as "schools of thought—some blaming Stuart, some Longstreet, some A. P. Hill, and some Ewell."

In Ewell's letter from the Valley of Virginia, May, 1862, he says of Jackson: "I am compelled to remain until that enthusiastic fanatic comes to some conclusion."

From a soldier so fearless, so determined, a centaur in the saddle and a fierce fighter in battle, one reads with satisfaction, "It may be all very well to make young heroes to be in the fight, but for my part I would be satisfied never to see another field. What pleasure can there be in seeing thousands of dead and dying in long horrible agony torn to pieces by artillery. I wish this war could be brought to a close, but except by the hand of Providence, I can see no way of its coming to an end." And again, "Some 100,000 people have been massacred in every conceivable form of horror—with three times as many wounded, all because of a set of fanatical abolitionists and unprincipled politicians."

Ewell's comments on the dishonest methods of the Quartermaster's Department under General Pillow are caustic and wise. His cheerfulness in prison at Fort Warren is marvelous.

He clears up some charges against himself with unmistakable exactness.

The fourth section of the book, entitled "Gentleman Farmer," indicates ability to adapt himself to the changed conditions in the South, and here too his sense of humor tides him over many trying situations.

The book is a welcome addition to the knowledge of the Soldier of the Confederacy. The dazzling light surrounding Lee and Jackson has dimmed the glory of high qualities in other soldiers of the Southern Army and one hails with delight this intimate study of one of the great men who lived and loved and fought his battles with conscience for his mentor, and love of country strengthening his heart and his good right arm.

MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR,
Historian General, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

MRS. WOODBURY, chairman of the Jefferson Davis National Highway Committee, has served the United Daughters of the Confederacy in many capacities, discharging the duties of every office ably and efficiently, and putting forth every effort in behalf of the organization.

A true daughter, she attended many reunions of the Orphan Brigade with her father, Thomas D. Osborne of Company A, Sixth Kentucky Infantry.

She was one of the organizers of the E. M. Bruce Children of the Confederacy, incorporated in Kentucky, before the organization undertook this phase of our work. In 1906 and 1907 Mrs. Woodbury served the Kentucky Division as recording secretary and in 1911 was elected President of the Kentucky Division. During her term of office the children's work was aided materially by her efforts. She was the first Division President to visit every chapter during her administration, which was a prosperous and successful one. During this time, she marked the site of Camp Beauregard. In 1919 as president of the Father Ryan Memorial Association, she placed a tablet to the memory of Father Ryan on St. Boniface church in Louisville. And in this year she served on the executive committee of the War Directors.

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MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

By MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR

Dear U. D. C.:

The all engrossing work of the Historian General with its many ramifications has prevented her from sending the usual letter due the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE for the past several issues.

Book reviews, answers to inquiries that necessitate in each case many letters before exact information may be procured, prompt replies to the daily deluge of mail that comes to my office take time and energy. However the service is most congenial, and I only ask that you help from your own resources as much as possible to make this Department worthy of the great task before the United Daughters of the Confederacy, truth of history.

I think that the greatest difficulty encountered in the study of Confederate History is the stern fact that so many of the best books on the subjects we would study are out of print. Reference books are few and sources of information well worn. Division Historians are urged to take this matter up with their Divisions, to send in workable ideas to solve this problem.

Also, the Historian General asks that every daughter send through her Division Historian subjects for next year's program, and that the programs of the Historian General be used by every State, beginning February next. This year's program ran from January, 1935, through January, 1936. I have many general ideas on the subject for 1936, but of course, have not yet put any of them in usable shape, so, forward, Divisions, with inspiring outlines or at least subjects, for the historical programs for the coming year!

The matter of Lanier in the Hall of Fame is now on the lap of the Gods, which is to say, under the eyes of the Electors for 1935. Your Chairman has left no stone unturned; has used every dignified method of presenting the case for Lanier. But there are many men of many minds, and some intelligent people get nothing out of the best poetry, and some are unwilling, after the fashion of the day, to concede supremacy to anything that is not of the school of modern thought and expression. The American mind is in a state of revolution which has strange standards in literature as well

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Mrs. McKinney's Work In The Kentucky Division

MRS. McKINNEY's record in Division work is one of continued activity for many years.

At Bowling Green, Ky., October 27, 1905, Mrs. McKinney was elected President of the Kentucky Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. She presided at the annual meeting in Pewee Valley, 1906, and Paris, 1907.

In 1905-6 she was a member of the Kentucky Division Committee to Revise the Constitution and By-Laws.

In 1906 she was appointed on Kentucky Division Committee for Fund for Monument to General John Hunt Morgan and His Men. Served as West Kentucky member of Morgan Monument Committee from 1907 until completion in 1911. (Unveiled, October 18, 1911.)

November 11, 1906, Mrs. McKinney received from Sir Moses Ezekiel the present of the design for Confederate Memorial Gateway at Hickman, Ky. This Master Artist also volunteered to design, without cost, any Confederate Memorial (that Mrs. McKinney desired) for any place in the United States.

In 1908 the honor of Chairman of Kentucky Division Educational Committee came to Mrs. McKinney. In this capacity she divided the State into six districts, and secured effective work.

She served, 1906, as Chairman Kentucky Division Committee for Johnson Island Gateway Fund.

From 1907 to 1917, she was Shiloh Director for the Kentucky Division.

From the origin of the Woman's Advisory Committee for the Kentucky Confederate Home, until 1928, she was Chairman by appointment of General Bennett H. Young.

She has served as Chairman of Kentucky Division Stationery Committee from 1920-1933.

In 1922 was member of Committee on Kentucky Room, Richmond Museum.

She was a valuable member of the Kentucky Division Text Book Committee, 1923-24.

Served as Chairman of State Text Book Committee, 1925-26-27.

In 1925 her services were given as a member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Home Committee.

The Kentucky Division Finance Committee, 1927, claimed her attention, as member.

1928-1933 Mrs. McKinney was Chairman of Committee for Revision of Constitution and By-Laws.

She was a member of Board of Trustees of Kentucky Confederate Home from 1926 to time of closing; being appointed by Governor W. J. Fields at Atlanta.

From 1924-1933 has served as a Commissioner of the Jefferson Davis Memorial of Kentucky.

Governor W. J. Fields, November 19, 1927, appointed Mrs. McKinney Kentucky Representative for the Pilgrimage to the Birthplace of General George Rogers Clark.

Mrs. McKinney was also commissioned by Governor Fields to represent the State of Kentucky at the Flood Control Conference at Chicago, Illinois, June 24, 1927.

Mrs. McKinney's Activities In the General Organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy

As in the local Chapter and the Kentucky Division so in the General Organization, Mrs. McKinney spared neither self nor expense in forwarding the cause.

MRS. ROY WEAKS McKINNEY

Being made Chairman of the History Committee, 1907-8, at Atlanta, she so developed the work into the need of a Department, that Historian-General was added to list of General Officers.

From 1907 to 1919 Mrs. McKinney served as Treasurer of Shiloh Monument Committee, when the work was completed.

She was Chairman of Finance Committee, 1909-1910.

From 1910-13 she served as Recording Secretary-General, during which time she collected, renovated, identified and bound in loose leaf volumes all valuable papers and placed in use a card index of all Chapters. Mrs. McKinney recording the

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Poets and Poetry of the Southland

By GRACE DUPREE RIDINGS

Sidney Lanier

His every thought was poetry—
Word-pictures chaste and masterly;
His every heart-throb was some note
That thrilled, as from a mock-bird's throat,
And so together, mind and heart,
Gave to the world the greatest art.

Refinement, culture, learning rare
Were equally our poet's share;
In all things in the realm of art
He formed a whole, a perfect part;
His life was music set to rhyme—
The mock-bird of our Southern clime.

His soul in "Sunrise" soared on wings
That floated thru ethereal things
And on where dwell the hosts divine.
Where God's own crowning jewels shine;
Yet, as he sang this strange soul-song
Death crept all stealthily along
Translating Genius, Music, Love,
Unto that bright art-bliss above.

—Josie Frazee Cappleman.

The Final Recompense

Soft silvered hair haloes her pallid face,
While weary eyes reflect a silent strife;
Around her furrowed throat is rare old lace,
A relic of the days when joys were rife.
To retrospect, she seeks sweet solitude,
Reviewing scenes of youthful ecstasies,
And loyal friends of hers do not intrude
Within this shrine of sacred memories.

She carries on alone since yesteryears,
But no complaint of fate does she impart;
She feigns a smile to guard imprisoned tears
And secrets that are hidden in her heart;
The grand finale of this valiant soul
Will be Up Yonder when she answers roll.

—Ida Mingus Clay.

Shermanized

In the City of Atlanta, on a dire and dreadful day
Mid the raging of the conflict, mid the thunder of the fray
In the blaze of burning rooftrees, under clouds of smoke and flame
Sprung a new Word into being, from a stern and dreadful name.
Gaunt and grim, and like a spectre, rose that word before the world
From a land of bloom and beauty into ruin rudely hurled
From a people scourged by exile, from a city ostracized,
Pallas-like it sprung to being—and that word was Shermanized.

And forevermore hereafter when the fierce destroyer reigns,
When destruction pours its lava over cultivated plains,
Where want and woe hold carnival, where bitter blight and blood
Sweep over prosperous nations in a black, relentless flood;
Where the golden crown of harvest into ashes trodden lies,
And desolation stares abroad with famine-frenzied eyes.
Where wrong with iron sceptre crushes every right we prize,
There shall people groan in angush, "God! the Right is Shermanize."

Man may rule the raids of ruin, lead the legions of despoil,
From the lips of honest labor dash the guardon of its toil,
Sow with salt the smiling valleys and on every breezy height,
Kindle balefires of destruction lurid on the solemn night.
He may sacrifice the aged and exult when woman stands,
Mid the sunken sodden ashes of her home, with polished hands,
Drooping over hungry children—man may thus immortalize
His name with haggard infamy—his watchword—Shermanize.

Nobler deeds are woman's province, she must not destroy, but build.
She must bring the urns of plenty with the wine of pleasure filled.
She must be the sweet restorer of the sunny Southern land,
Restore our homes, rebuild our churches, take the feeble by the hand,
And the press befriend the teachers, give to want its daily bread,
And never, never fail to weave above our noble dead.
The laurel garland due to deeds of valor's high emprise,
And worn by men whom failure could not sink or Shermanize.

With her wakened love of labor, let her labor on in love,
Still in sofeness and in stillness as the starry circles move.
Bearing light and bringing gladness from the leaden clouds unfurled
As the soft light of the sunlight bringeth morning to the world.
Grandly urging on endeavor as the gates of day enclose,
Till the solitary place again shall blossom as the rose.
And woman, the rebuilder, shall be freely eulogized
By the triumph of her people—then no longer Shermanized.

God bless our noble Georgia, 'tho her soil was overrun
And her land in desolation laid beneath an autumn sun.
With the signal shout "To Action," like the boom of signal guns.
She has roused the lion-mettle of her strong and stalward sons.
May her daughters aid that effort to build and to restore,
Working on for Southern freedom, as they never worked before.
May Georgia as a laggard never once be stigmatized,
And her people, press and pulpit, never more be Shermanized.

—Virginia L. French.
Atlanta, 1865.

The Jefferson Davis Highway In Kentucky

By MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

WHEN the great obelisk which marks the birthplace of Jefferson Davis at Fairview, Ky., was dedicated, just after the Confederate Reunion at Memphis in 1924, many veterans and daughters came up for the dedication. Among these were Mrs. R. P. Holt, at that time highway director for North Carolina, and Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis, the vice-chairman of the committee.

They rolled along over a none too good gravel road, crossed several stretches with very soft shoulders, avoided ruts and passing cars as well as could be on a narrow highway, and finally Mrs. Higgins asked: "Is this the Jefferson Davis Highway?" It was. But after so long a time the road has been graded, drained and hard-surfaced, bridges have been built, and the location being final, this spring the division under the able chairmanship of Mrs. C. C. Cook of Guthrie, Ky., erected six stone markers at the principal towns along the route.

The State Convention met in Elkton May 22, and on the afternoon of May 23rd, the first marker was unveiled by Misses Louise Boone and Elizabeth McKinney at the appropriate place in the program. Hon. W. M. Weathers, mayor of Elkton, presented the distinguished visitors. The programs were similar in each place. Music by school children, talks by Mrs. Cook on the State work, by Mrs. Woodbury on the general highway work. Markers presented to Mrs. Woodbury who turned them over to State Highway Commission, with custodial care delegated to the local chapters. Prayer of dedication and acceptance by representative of the Highway Department of the State had a place on each program.

The local members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who presided at the various points were, Elkton, Mrs. J. J. Hardin; Hopkinsville, Mrs. Gyp Watkins; Cadiz, Miss Mallie Lindsay; Paducah, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney; Mayfield, Mrs. George T. Fuller; Acceptances by Highway Department, at Elkton, Hon. Ab. Rhea; at Hopkinsville, Hon. Garrett Withers; at Cadiz, Hon. W. C. Broadbent; at Benton, Hon. H. H. Rayburn, county judge; at Mayfield, Mayor Scott Lemon and Senator O. H. Brooks; at Paducah the superintendent of the City Park System.

There is no U. D. C. chapter at Benton, so the State Director wrote to the County Judge, H. H. Rayburn, who cooperated to the fullest extent, calling the meeting for dedication through the newspaper, and accepting the custody of the marker.

From Mayfield the party went to Water Valley, the site of a training camp during the War Between the States, here the highway is connected with a cemetery by a horseshoe shaped road. In this cemetery are many Confederate soldiers buried. Through the efforts of Mrs. George T. Fuller, markers have been erected where the Camp Beauregard road joins the highway. These two markers were dedicated with a special program, with as large a crowd as at any of the other places.

At Hopkinsville the Drum and Trumpet Corps of the Virginia Street School furnished the music, and their uniforms of red and white emphasized the Confederate colors. Very fortunately Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Eugene Skillern of St. Louis, were able to attend the programs of unveiling at Mayfield, Water Valley and Paducah, and are doubtless reassured that the Jefferson Davis Highway in Kentucky is a reality.

Some of the members of the organization went in cars from Elkton through to Paducah, and to one of them Mrs. J. Q. C. Leigh, of Paducah.

On May 28th the State Highway Commission noted these markers as follows: U. S. No. 68, Jefferson Davis Memorial Highway, on motion of Commissioners Withers and Broadbent, carried without objection, the commission approved their action in accepting the markers recently unveiled by the United Daughters of the Confederacy designating U. S. No. 68 in the First and Second Road Districts as the Jefferson Davis Memorial Highway; and directed that these markers be formally accepted by the commission. On motion of Commissioner Reed, carried without objection, the commission directed that that portion of U. S. No. 68 beginning at the western line of Todd County and extending through Todd County to Russellville in Logan County, also be designated as the Jefferson Davis Memorial Highway. (End of quotation from minutes.)

This is very gratifying to the organization as it was in Russellville that representatives from sixty-five Kentucky counties met, passed an ordinance of secession, elected Senators and Representatives to the provisional and regular sessions of the Confederate Congress.

The State Division will soon erect a marker in Russellville setting forth this piece of history.

Reviewing The Reviewers

By DECCA LAMAR WEST

THE New York Times Book Review, always an important department of the Sunday edition, has recently contained several reviews that are of unusual interest to southerners.

One, a recently published Biography of L. Q. C. Lamar, of Georgia and Mississippi, by Wirt A. Cate, of Nashville, Tenn., from the University of North Carolina Press will be reviewed in these columns at a later date.

On August 25th there appeared a review, the like of which we had never expected to see printed in any paper published north of Mason-Dixon famous line. It concerns a book entitled, "The Lincoln Legend." "A Study In Changing Conceptions." It dwells at considerable length on "the Lincoln Myth," yes it does, "believe or not." How we wish some of our departed pioneers who were persecuted for righteousness sake could have lived to see the day. Yet even the fictitious writer does not seem sanguine that the "Myth" will ever be dispelled while he recognizes it as an absolute fact, he seems to believe that it is too much a part of the national fixation even to be eradicated. He does not realize that his own statement being printed is amazing, and, let us hope, the forerunner of a saner view. If one has the temerity to voice what thousands of people know to be true, maybe some of those thousands will at last get a hearing, and write with such conviction that the average person will at least be induced to wonder if he may not have listened too long to fairy tales and begin to think!

"There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes so," applies with as much force to imaginary vagaries, as to more practical things. The fact that intelligent men and women, especially teachers, have allowed themselves to be judged as belonging to this large and mostly non-thinking and uninformed group of "Myth" believers is a species of cowardice which has masqueraded under the guise of patriotism or "peace-makers."

We do not believe we can give you an adequate idea of this article without infringing on the copyright laws, therefore we suggest that every reader of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE secure a copy of the paper in question, and that Chapter Historians use it on a program. It is particularly desirable that we present it to as many professors of history as possible, for after all they are the people who have been chiefly responsible for the continuation and growth of the "Myth."

We quote a few passages from the review which was entitled: "Lincolnism as the Religion of Religionless America" (sub-head). Mr. Basler (the Author) defines three stages: The Historical Figure, the Folk-God and *the Messiah.*" (The italics are mine.) Quote: "Our Lincoln, however differently we may view him, is a myth. We have created him, and he is a myth in the same way that Odin and King Arthur are.

They, like Lincoln, were men who really existed, became the heroes of their respective ages and were promoted into folk-gods. As soon as he (King Arthur) died the Arthur legend began, and as soon as Lincoln died the Lincoln legend began. Mr. Basler's book is a study of it in all its changing shapes—as far as they have gone, for he expects the changes to continue and to grow vaster and further from the real Lincoln. (A paralel to Arthur and Odin). Several years ago Lloyd Lewis, in a book called "Myths after Lincoln," posited that man cannot live comfortably, without a folk-god. None of our National heroes filled the bill until Lincoln, for there was none whose death was dramatic enough to fire the imagination. America though a religious minded nation, *has no religion*: (again the italics are mine) every religion has to have a Messiah of one kind or another, and so Lincoln rose rapidly from a folk-god to a Messiah. All this in seventy years—and now what next? Mr. Basler traces in those seventy years three stages: the historic figure, a phase which ended at Fords Theatre; the folk-god, which was good enough for the nineteenth century; and in the twentieth the Messiah. * * * He traces the resemblances between the twentieth century Lincoln and the evolution in the conception of Christ. * * * This myth is not limited to the popular idea; on the contrary, his researches are among the intellectuals, or at least the high brows, whether authors, painters or sculptors. * * * Whatever the occasion, whether a mere municipal election, an international war, an economic change, or even a local and personal problem, men invoke Lincoln and proclaim confidently that he would do thus and so, and seek inspiration from his spirit. Mr. Basler writes of Lincolnism as a religion—the religion of religionless America. It has not got that far yet but think how far it has galloped in only seventy years, and then scoff at his prediction if you desire."

There are four columns in similar vein; some even more appallingly suggestive. Read it and think over it, especially ye who have been over cautious, for fear of giving offense.

The Times also (September 1st) reviews the most recent novel by Ellen Glasgow: "Vein of Iron." One sentence is enough to make every Southerner rejoice. After many closely printed columns of detail, the reviewer says: "This novel is beautifully written. Ellen Glasgow has made herself, from inauspicious beginnings, one of the finest prose stylists of her time. There is in America no novelist, and few writers of any other description, who can vie with her in the felicitous phrase, carrying at the core sharply perceived truth or slowly garnered wisdom. She is without a doubt, the most fruitfully thoughtful, as she is, upon occasion, the wittiest novelist that this country has yet produced."

The Main Street of the South

ANNE V. MANN

LEE CHAPEL BECOMES MECCA FOR TOURISTS

The Rockbridge County News recently had an interesting article concerning the number of visitors at Lee Chapel. It says "An hour or so spent in Lee Chapel during this season (August) of the year shows a fascinating cross section of the traveling public of our country. About 1,000 people are registered there each week and the custodian Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, and her assistants are taxed to supply the necessary explanations and guidance. Particularly interesting is the reaction of the visitors to the recumbent statue of General Lee. Their voices can be heard chatting as they come up the hallway and the noise continues as they step by the table in the entrance. The beauty and peace of the little chapel with the sleeping soldier in the background stills them instantly, and even the children walk about almost on tiptoes as an inherent tribute of respect. Mrs. Flournoy states that she is accustomed to many Southerners standing there with tears rolling down their faces but that she was surprised to see Northern persons doing likewise. One lady wiping her eyes, offered an embarrassed apology that being a Northerner she should not be so greatly affected. Mr. Valentine, the sculptor who spent three years working on the statue was pleased because it was such a perfect likeness. He could not have realized that his work would convey to thousands of those who never saw General Lee, a tangible representation of eternal peace."

The article states that the greatest number of visitors are from the North and Northwest, and the custodian says that the tourists seem to be much impressed by what they see in the Chapel. She tells an interesting story of a gentleman who registered from Paris, France. He was seen intently studying the placque placed on the north wall of the Chapel to Kiffin Yeats Rockwell an alumnus of Washington and Lee and lost his life in the Lafayette Escadrille during the World War. When she went to explain in some detail the history of Rockwell, the visitor said: "Yes, I know, he was my brother."

* * * *

PAGEANT ARRANGED FOR AUTUMN BEAUTY FESTIVAL

Most everybody loves a pageant! Most everybody too has heard of the Dismal Swamp which links Virginia and North Carolina. If you are numbered among the "most everybody" then you will be interested in the pageant which will be based on Thomas Moore's famous poem "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp" and which will be given in that vicinity October 14 and 15. The pageant will be given as a part of the state-wide Autumn Beauty Festival which will doubtless attract tourists from all parts of the nation. The pageant is being arranged for by the Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce, which has prepared a historical sketch of the swamp which in part follows:

"A company for the cutting of the Dismal Swamp Canal was chartered by the states of Virginia and North Carolina in 1787 and both sides subscribed generously to the stock. The United States congress became a large stockholder. The names of George Washington and Patrick Henry were among the first subscribers for the stock, also this canal for commerce must not be confounded with an earlier system of canals or ditches devised by Washington himself for the purpose of reclaiming the swamp by lightering the timber to the frontier. These canals still exist but the charter of the commercial canal gave it absolute right over the water of the lake and all other canals in the swamp. It was not opened until 1822, in which year the first vessel passed through to Norfolk from the Albemarle Sound. It was completed in 1828."

* * * *

PRICE OF BEAUTY ALWAYS COMES HIGH

The old saying that "the price of beauty comes high" is now being emphasized day after day, for if you have read how much money is spent by women for the purpose of beautification you are fully aware that it ran into such high figures that it was stupendous.

Most women long for beauty! They will tell you that they rather have this virtue or the other virtue, but there are few women however, when it comes to a show down who do not crave the possession of beauty. We may talk about the loveliness of the soul, and this kind or the other kind of beauty, but some of those who possess these in the highest degree would be glad perhaps to exchange a little of them for the commodity which is said to be only "skin deep." So that is one of the reasons that women frequent beauty shops and are willing to spend their last dollar in the quest for beauty.

Most women, too, will resort to most any of the methods which are said to make you over almost over night. Take permanent waving! No woman in the world does this just for fun. It is a means to an end. If you have ever undergone the process of making straight hair into a mass of curls, you could not by any means call it a picnic, but it is worth every pang of anguish you may have endured I assure you. I speak as one who has suffered.

Of course men are disposed to make light of women in their quest for beauty, but believe it or not women just took a hint from the masculine element of society. Women observed that men who had a shampoo and a facial, and the other beauty tricks of a barber shop, looked good to them so they began to search for a way to keep up with them

(Continued on page 43)

Message of The President-General

September, 1935.

My Dear Daughters:

Very soon our Chapters will be assembling for their fall meetings and all eyes will be turned upon the coming Convention which takes place in Hot Springs, Arkansas, November nineteenth to twenty-third. The Arlington Hotel will be the headquarters and every session will be held there. Mrs. C. S. Lowthrop, President of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., is General Chairman of Arrangements, and has selected from the Hot Springs Chapter a local Chairman to serve on each Committee. Write Mrs. Lowthrop for any information about the Convention details. This will be a brilliant Convention and the setting is one of the most beautiful one can imagine. It is in direct contrast with the 1934 Convention, since Hot Springs is a unique little city, situated in the hills. The meeting will be featured by several pre-convention affairs of interest, first, the church service will take place as usual on Sunday morning at the First Baptist Church, and this service will be broadcast over KTHS. I am inviting now those members who will not attend the convention to worship with us on that date. On Sunday afternoon I will entertain all delegates present with a tea at the Arlington Hotel in honor of the Executive Committee, Monday morning the Executive Committee will hold its first session and Monday afternoon I will hold a conference with the Division Presidents. This conference is most helpful, as was evidenced last year, and this year we will take a longer period to talk over our problems. I hope that every Division President will be present that afternoon, Monday, November the 18th, as the Division Presidents Dinner will feature the six o'clock hour. This will be followed by a brilliant reception tendered all delegates by the Arkansas Division, U. D. C. at nine o'clock p. m. On Tuesday morning the Executive Committee will meet again and that afternoon all delegates will be taken for a drive over the city and environments, ending with a visit to Couchwood, the beautiful country home of the Hon. Harvey Couch, on Lake Catherine, eight miles from the city. On Tuesday evening the welcome exercises will be held, these will be featured by welcomes, greetings, and the introduction of distinguished guests, and on Wednesday morning, November twentieth, the Convention will be opened for business. The Convention Call which is now being prepared, together with the credentials, will be in your hand soon. I hope that every Division President and Presidents of Chapters in States where there is no Division, will be present in Hot Springs, and especially would I like to see every state represented in the roll call and presentation of State flags which takes place on the opening morning. Another feature of this convention will be the broadcast from KTHS which will take place from time to time, from Wednesday morning through Friday evening session.

On September the third I attended the Confederate Reunion in Amarillo, Texas, as Matron of Honor in Chief on the Staff of General Rice Pierce, Commander in Chief, U. C. V. I enjoyed many brilliant occasions, among the first a reception given to me by the Amarillo Capter, U. D. C., Mrs. H. G. Baucom, President, in the Crystal Ball room of the Herring Hotel, where I was a guest. Mrs. T. B. Herbert, the First Vice-President of the Texas Division, was introduced with me and together with Mrs. Baucom we received about two hundred of the Daughters. During the afternoon Mrs. Herbert asked me to speak of the work which I did with pleasure. Two distinguished guests were introduced at this time, General Rice Pierce, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., and Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President of the Southern Memorial Association. Mrs. C. C. Cameron, the President of the Texas Division, returning from an official visit, was delayed in reaching Amarillo until after the reception but I had the pleasure of lunching with her and three other Division Presidents on the following day. This luncheon was tendered to us by Mrs. Fred Greer, President of the Tennessee Division, and the other guests, besides Mrs. Cameron and me, were Mrs. J. M. Fulmer, of Louisiana, and Mrs. A. A. Ayers, of Oklahoma.

On the evening of September the third I extended greetings from the general organization to the Sons of Confedereate Veterans, Honorable Walter Hopkins, Commander in Chief, presiding, as a part of one of the most brilliant open evenings I have ever attended. Greetings were also extended from the U. C. V. by General Pierce and addresses were made by Governor Allred, Governor of Texas, and Honorable Marvin Jones, Senator from Texas. The response was given by Doctor W. R. Dancy, a former Commander in Chief S. C. V. A distinguished service medal was presented by Mr. Hopkins to Mr. Carl Hinton, of Amarillo Chairman of General Arrangements for the Reunion. On this occasion I had the honor of being attended by my own color bearer, Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, who stood with me when I spoke, and who, as color bearer also for General Pierce, sat between us on the platform, preceding us when we entered and departed. The next morning, September the fourth, I extended greetings at the opening meeting of the U. C. V. This program was broadcast over a national coast to coast hook up. Later that morning I extended greetings at the meeting of the S. C. V. and to the Confederated Memorial Association. These two organizations hold their annual conventions, as you know, at the same time, and place, as the Confederate Reunion. Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, for sixteen years the president of the latter was re-elected, Mr. W. Scott Hancock, of Nashville, Tennessee, succeeded Mr. Walter Hopkins as Commander in Chief of the S. C. V., and General Harry Rene Lee of Nashville, Tennessee, succeeds General Rice Pierce as Commander in Chief of the U. C. V. The next reunion will be held in Shreveport, Louisiana.

The Confederate Veterans Ball, Thursday eve-

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WITH THE DIVISIONS

KENTUCKY DIVISION

To the Memory of Richard Hawes

He was born, as were so many of the brave Confederate leaders, in that dear old State of Virginia, son of Richard Hawes and Clara Walker Hawes. His father and mother moved to Kentucky with their family of thirteen children in 1810, and settled in Daviess County. At the age of fifteen, young Richard became a citizen of Lexington, where he was educated at old Transylvania. He began life's duties as a lawyer and was considered one of the brightest members of Fayette County's bar.

In 1837 he was elected to represent his district in United States Congress, and was re-elected in 1839. In the meantime he was married to Miss Hetty Morrison Nicholas, of Lexington.

In 1840 he settled in Paris, and established himself in his profession and also in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. When the heavy war-clouds hung over Kentucky he paused to consider both sides of the question. He stood firmly by the Constitution of his country, but as events began to develop themselves they unfolded to his clear insight the purposes of the administration.

With this in view, he mounted his horse and rode to Cumberland Gap to join General Marshall. After the death of George W. Johnson, at the battle of Shiloh, who had been chosen provincial governor at the convention of the people of Kentucky at Russellville, Richard Hawes was unanimously elected by the legislative council of the Confederate Provincial government of Kentucky. These men, George W. Johnson and Richard Hawes, were the two provincial governors Kentucky had.

On returning to his old home, Paris, after the war, broken in fortune and approaching old age he found the hearts of his people open and ready to receive him. In August '66 he was elected County Judge and afterwards was chosen Master Commissioner of the Circuit and Common Pleas Courts, in which offices he continued to his death. His character as a politician stands out in bold relief as compared to the politicians of today. Having been many times elected to offices of great importance he could proudly claim he had never asked any man to vote for him. His lofty spirit met disappointment and defeat with calm dignity and stoical firmness. Of so chivalric a sense of honor and such absolute honesty of purpose was he that none dared to even approach him with any suggestion of doubtful propriety.

In the funeral sermon these elements of his character were named, devotion to principle, courage, unblemished morals, and gentleness and sympathy.

Richard Hawes was a hero whether upon the broad field of life's battle or amid the shock of arms at the meeting of contending foes!

Collaborated by: Mrs. William Garrard Talbot, Kentucky Ex-State President United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Miss Sophia Hart Arnold, President Richard Hawes Chapter of Paris, Kentucky.

Provisional Governor Geo. W. Johnson having been killed at Shiloh, the day-by-day "Journal of My Soldier Life," by James Bennett McCreary, Major C. S. A., starting publication in April, 1935, Register of the Kentucky State Historical Society, Frankfort, Ky., says: "October 11, 1862 (today), joy, patriotism and liberty are holding high carnival in camp. We hear the booming of cannon that announces the inauguration of our Governor * * * Governor Hawes is now Governor of Kentucky," and on on—proclaimed at Frankfort and the legislature fled to Louisville—October 12, 1862, he says: "Today is being fought the battle of Perryville."—(I. E. F.)

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WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION

The following new officers were elected at Convention held in Lewisburg the last week in September: First Vice-President, Mrs. Robbins, of Martinsburg; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Fred Mitchell, of Morgantown; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Early Lee Robertson, Princeton; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Audrey Meador, Hinton; Treasurer,

MRS. MARTHA MATTHEWS BANTA
President Kentucky Division

Miss Hilda Lingafelter, Hedgesville; Registrar, Mrs. E. R. Fletcher, Alderson; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. C. H. Stetser, of Fairmont.

It was voted to invite the general convention to meet at White Sulphur Springs November 1936.

In Memory Mrs. Maria Cook Amiss

Mrs. Maria Cook Amiss passed peacefully away August 17, 1935, at her home on the Core Road, a home pioneer in age, having been built by her father in 1841, yet it is not as old as the one in which she first saw the light of day November 11, 1836, which was a log cabin adjoining it.

She was the third child of the six daughters and one son born to Paul Cook and his wife, Julia Kincheloe Cook. Had she lived until Armistice Day she would have been 99 years of age, and was the oldest member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the State, if not in America.

Probably no one has ever lived in Parkersburg that has had such a large collection of intimate friends, old and young, rich and poor, she was the same to all.

Mrs. Amiss was born during the administration of President Andrew Jackson, she lived through at least seven American wars. The year she was born witnessed the battle of "Wahoo Swamp," in Florida, when the Indians after the Dade Massacre were driven into the Everglades with terrible slaughter. The second war between the United States Government and the Seminole Indians lasted ten years, from 1835 to 1845. The struggle with Mexico, in 1846-47, the War Between the States in the Sixties, the battle of Big Horn, Montana, fought June 25, 1876, when General Custer, and his command was annihilated by the Sioux Indians, the Spanish-American War, in 1898, and the World War, which began in 1914.

Mrs. Amiss descended from colonial and pioneer stock, one of her great-great-grandfathers, Captain George Denison, distinguished himself, as a soldier when he took part in King Philips War, at the head of the London County, Connecticut troops, during the years of 1675-1676.

Four of her ancestors were officers in the Revolutionary Army, her great-grandfather, Captain Joseph Cook, came from Bristol County, Massachusetts, in 1795, to Belpre, Ohio, the next year, 1796, crossed the river and purchased a farm of 216 acres, in Virginia, on a part of which Parkersburg, now stands. Captain John James came from Stoneington County, Connecticut, in 1795, he built a block house, on what is now known as Blennerhassett Island.

On the maternal side, she was a great-granddaughter of Major Robert Kincheloe, who together with his brother, Daniel, migrated to the Ohio River in 1795, from Tide Water, Virginia, and settled on a large tract of land on the north side of the Kanawha River, five miles above Parkersburg. They brought all their slaves or servants with them. About the same time Colonel Anthony Buckner, came from Prince William County, Virginia.

Her only brother, Henry Clay Cook, enlisted in Company A, 36th Virginia Infantry, Confederate Army, August 9, 1862, under Captain William E. Fife, and took part in all the engagements of that famous command. At the battle of Piedmont or New Hope, June 5, 1864, he was wounded three times before he was carried from the battlefield and died in his father's arms, June 25, 1864. General W. E. Jones was instantly killed at the beginning of the engagement.

Her father built in the attic of his home, a false wall, made of large strong boards, about a yard wide, where many a Confederate soldier, home on furlough would come and be safe when he knew the enemy had found out he was in this locality. I have stood in awe before this wall, it looks just as strong and secure as it must have been during the war.

Maria Cook's flaming personality knew no fear and during the war she was constantly in the saddle, and her remarkable hearing was ever on guard for information that might help the cause she loved, more than her life. She cared more for the high regard of the men who led ragged soldiers to battle than the flattering voices of the enemy.

Many a dark and stormy night she risked her life carrying the mail addressed to Confederate soldiers, to Limestone Hill, where a Confederate officer would receive it from her. He would give her the mail written by the soldiers to the

MRS. ILA EARLE FOWLER

loved ones at Parkersburg and vicinity. Sometimes her underskirts and hoops were heavy with the letters which she gladly delivered. One morning when returning home her clothing well padded with mail, she met a Federal officer, he said: "Maria, what are you doing." She said: "Work, and I have fallen out, and mother has sent me to find a wash woman." He went on and she caused him to be taken prisoner. The son of this Federal officer is living in Parkersburg now.

"When she knew the Federal troops were stationed near Parkersburg she would ride down Market Street waving the "Stars and Bars."

After the war, on September 18, 1867, she married Henry Amiss, an attorney of Parkersburg, and for many years they lived happily in the old Amiss homestead on St. Marys Avenue, where the lovely Magnolia trees and the beautiful flowers were admired by every one. Here Mr. Amiss died 41 years ago.

She was a member of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was a charter member of Centennial Chapter Daughters of American Pioneers.

On the 98th anniversary of her birth she received birth-

day messages, telegrams, post cards, and flowers from distant friends.

She was blessed with a devoted daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wandling, who watched over her with loving care.

During the week following her death her daughter received twenty-one letters from all over the United States. They came from men and women she had befriended when they were children.

As we think of her let there drift into our hearts the promise:

"At eventide it shall be light."

DAISY C. NEPTUNE.

* * * *

LOUISIANA DIVISION

The Louisiana Division United Daughters of the Confederacy is soliciting the vote and support of its many friends in the candidacy of Mrs. Harry W. Eckhardt of New Orleans, Past President of the Division and prominent in the work of the U. D. C. and numerous other organizations, filling every position with credit. Mrs. Eckhardt is to be nominated for the office of Recording Secretary General U. D. C. at the Convention to be held in Hot Springs in November. Mrs. John A. Fulmer, President of Louisiana Division will ask the privilege of nominating Mrs. Eckhardt for this office.

The General John McGrath Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Baton Rouge, La., has taken for its work the care of the grave of Sarah Knox Taylor, the first wife of President Jefferson Davis, who died so shortly after her marriage to the brave Confederate leader and is buried near St. Francisville.

Admiral Raphael Semmes birthday, September 27, was fittingly celebrated at the Soldiers Home with a splendid program followed by a Tea. Mrs. Fred C. Kolman was Chairman of the Program Committee and after the singing of one verse of America, the salute to the American Flag was given by Mrs. D. E. Strain. The salute to the Confederate Flag was given by little Robert Lee Fulmer. Mrs. D. E. Puneky, President of the Chapter, gave a short welcome address, and Mrs. John A. Fulmer gave an address on Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Greetings from the M. Jeff Thompson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy recently organized by the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter were extended by Miss June Carpenter, President.

Mrs. Lilita Lever Younge, Poet Laureate of Louisiana Division, gave an original poem and Mrs. George Turpie and Mrs. J. J. Losch rendered beautiful piano and vocal selections.

Mrs. E. L. Rugg presided at the bestowal of Crosses of Honor and Service. Mr. Ira McCune, World War overseas veteran, was awarded a Cross of Service by the New Orleans Chapter No. 72, the Cross being given him by the President, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik. Stonewall Jackson Chapter, through its President, Mrs. H. Friedrichs, presented a Cross of Service to Dr. Klotz Allen, who also received his father's Cross of Honor. The Stonewall Jackson Chapter also presented a Cross of Service (Spanish American War) to Mr. Alexander Gluckmann.

The program closed with the singing of Dixie, and then the large group present assembled on the beautiful grounds for Tea. Children of the Confederacy assisted in serving. The flowers, candles, refreshments were in the colors of the Confederacy—red and white.

Louisiana Division is sponsoring a Memorial to Father Abram J. Ryan, poet, priest and patriot who served as chaplain during the War Between the States. It is proposed that a monument be placed in the Jefferson Davis Parkway, where there are already two monuments, that of President Jefferson Davis and Charles Dreux. It is hoped to make this a Confederate Memorial Parkway. Mrs. J. F. Terrell, Historian, is the Chairman of the Committee.

MRS. F. C. KOLMAN.

* * * *

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION

Confederate Flag Chapter U. D. C. gave a benefit card party at Confederate Memorial Hall on Tuesday evening, September 17. There was a good attendance. Door and table prizes were awarded, and refreshments were served. Money raised will be used for very constructive projects carried on by the Chapter.

On October 3, the Shenandoah Chapter is giving a card party to raise funds for its benevolent work, and all the sister chapters in the District are lending support for this affair.

The Executive Committee of the District of Columbia U. D. C. held an informal meeting at the home of the District President, Mrs. A. Eugene Barr on the evening of September 11. After considerable business had been disposed of the hostess assisted by her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Barr, served tempting refreshments, and the ladies lingered late, enjoying the social hour, and the hospitality of this charming home.

The District of Columbia was represented at the National Confederate reunion recently held at Amarillo, Texas. Major Robert W. Wilson, a Confederate Veteran; Mr. W. F. Van Swearingen, Commander of the local Sons' Camp; and Miss Susan Snead, of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, made the trip and came home enthusiastically praising the Texans for their hospitality.

Mr. Van Swearingen states that more business was transacted and a finer social program was enjoyed than at any previous reunion he has ever attended. There are 900 members of the Amarillo Veterans and Sons Camp, and they proved themselves unsurpassed hosts.

MISS LOIS BROWN.

Confederate Organizations at the National Capitol

At 1322 Vermont Avenue in Washington, D. C., is the old home and headquarters of the various Confederate organizations of the District of Columbia where for many years they have carried on their activities, fostered by an undying devotion to the Old South. It has long been the scene of many a gathering of veterans, sons and daughters, statesmen, public and private citizens, where eloquence, intermingled with fiery speeches, bring inspiration to the hearts of devoted listeners; where visitors are welcomed with characteristic Southern hospitality and are told "the truth about the Confederacy and the War Between the States."

This old building, known as Confederate Memorial Home, is the only Confederate property in the District of Columbia. It receives no State or Federal aid, being owned and controlled by five of the local Confederate organizations. Its ownership is perpetual.

Camp 171, United Confederate Veterans, and three of the twelve local Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, make up the controlling bodies. A board of trustees governs the financial affairs of the property.

There has been some confusion as to the purpose for which the Home, or Hall, as it is now called, is used. It has never been a home for veterans, as many have thought. The building is the official home of the various Confederate organizations in Washington. The first floors of the building are used for meetings, conventions, social events and

public occasions. When not in use by these organizations, the hall is sub-rented to outside parties for meetings or social events. The walls of these rooms are adorned, appropriately enough, with paintings of Southern Generals and other officers and outstanding heroes who served the Confederate States. There are several of Robert E. Lee, a splendid oil of Stonewall Jackson by Miss Dabney, which was presented by her to the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. Also an oil of Jefferson Davis and General Price. The latter being a gift from a former sweetheart of the General. There is also an exquisite bas relief of Lee and a framed Seal of the Confederate States. An old grand piano in the main hall was a gift from Miss Heath. Perhaps the most highly prized piece of furniture is a splendid mahogany sideboard that belonged to Jefferson Davis. This was presented by Miss Fahnstock.

The second and upper floors are sub-rented to help finance the property, which has never been altogether self-sustaining. The building, until recently, has been in charge of a matron, Mrs. Esther Emmart, widow of George Emmart who served in the Second Maryland Cavalry. Mrs. Emmart, who died last May at the age of 89, had resided at the Confederate Hall since 1901 and was for many years a familiar figure at Confederate reunions.

The building was acquired by the Veterans organization in 1909. It was formerly a private residence, occupied by the owner, but owing to a tragedy in his family, the house was offered for sale at a sacrifice. Although the veterans had only a small sum of funds at that time, they managed, however, to purchase the property where they might have their own meetings undisturbed by opposing factions.

For at that time, it is said, they met with much opposition and it was difficult to hold meetings.

The organization known as the United Confederate Veterans was formed in 1884 at New Orleans, La. Washington Camp No. 171 was organized in Washington February 25, 1891. From a beginning of several hundred members the list has dropped to only three or four surviving veterans. The Sons Association, or Sons of Confederate Veterans, was formed at Richmond, Va., in 1896 to supplant the parent organization and carry on its activities and purposes. Two years later Camp 305 was organized in Washington.

The Daughters of the Confederacy was formed at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1884. The Stonewall Jackson Chapter was the first to be organized in Washington, about 1902. Other Chapters are, Robert E. Lee, Southern Cross, Dixie, Jefferson Davis, Shenandoah, J. E. B. Stuart, Richard Stoddert Ewell, Asha Faison Colwell Williams, Hilliary A. Herbert and Confederate Flag.

Mrs. A. Eugene Barr is the Division President, United Daughters of the Confederacy of the District of Columbia.

There is one Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy, the Major Charles M. Stedman Chapter, named in honor of the late Major Charles M. Stedman of North Carolina, who was the last survivor of the War Between the States in Congress, having died in 1931.

These organizations are sponsors for all that Southernism has stood for these many years. In addition to their varied patriotic activities, the social life of these organizations at the National Capital is of note. The most outstanding event in which these local bodies unite each year is the Annual Commanders Ball. This affair is sponsored by Camp 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans. On these occasions the presence of the few remaining veterans in gray, adds inspiration to what has long been a gala event. There is ever the spirit of the gallant Southern soldier manifested in the few scattered survivors of a great conflict.

It is not the purpose of these organizations to create sectional feeling, but rather to conduct an educational and historical work, an open forum that will present the full facts regarding the War Between the States, that an impartial future may judge aright—to honor the memory of the great Southern leaders and all those who served at a time when the South, facing a great crisis, stood nobly, courageously, in its own defense.

MRS. D. W. THAYER.

* * * *

TEXAS DIVISION

Mrs. Florence O'Brien Powell Passes Away

Florence O'Brien Powell passed away at her home, 2211 North Fifth Street, Waco, Texas. She was the last of the family of the late George O'Brien. Her father, mother, brother and aunt lie buried in Oakwood.

She married R. D. Powell, son of Mrs. J. B. Powell. After the death of her mother she devoted her life to her aged father, who passed away in his 90th year.

Mrs. Powell loved her church, St. Paul's Episcopal, the church of her mother. She was an artist and musician. Her work in preserving natural flowers for bridal bouquets and memorial wreaths won her much recognition throughout the state. She specialized in the bluebonnet, the state flower of Texas. Two of her favorite panel bluebonnet pictures were selected by Bert Castle for his home in New York City. The memorial wreath of Gen. Felix Robertson in the Confederate museum at Austin, presented by the Daughters of the Confederacy, was the work of her hands.

She was graduated from Baylor University in the department of music. She composed the music and words of the song, "Baylor, Dear Baylor of Mine." This song was sung over the radio on the 80th anniversary of Baylor University. Dr. S. P. Brooks, president of Baylor, pronounced this composition very beautiful, and hoped it would be adopted by Baylor some day. Mrs. Powell has bequeathed this song and music to her alma mater.

* * * *

COMMANDER OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS SONS ADDRESSES CONVENTION OF DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY

New York Division of Organization Has Annual Meeting

Emmet Poindexter, Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was the chief speaker at the luncheon session of the one-day convention of the New York Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which took place Thursday, October 10, at the George Washington Hotel, 23rd Street and Lexington Hotel.

The convention was attended by about 75 delegates from Greater New York, all members of the five chapters of the society comprising the New York Division.

Plans were formulated at the business sessions for the next national convention which takes place late in November in Hot Springs, Ark., the home of Mrs. William E. Massey, President-General of the organization. The last national convention took place in this city, and was the first ever held north of the Mason-Dixon line.

Mrs. Elise Lathrop Lewis, President of the New York Division introduced Mr. Poindexter, who greeted the delegates in the name of his organization.

Officers of the New York Division are, in addition to Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Franklyn Colcord, First Vice-President; Mrs. James Polk Martin, Recording Secretary; Mrs. William F. Hackett, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Alex Field,

(Continued on page 48)

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, LAW BUILDING,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

W. SCOTT HANCOCK, Commander-in-Chief
Central National Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

GENERAL OFFICERS

Walter L. Hopkins, Law Bldg., Richmond, Va., Adjutant-in-Chief
Judge Tom Simmons, Westbrook Hotel, Ft. Worth, Texas, Judge Advocate-in-Chief
Col. Landon C. Bell, 115 E. Rich St., Columbus, Ohio, Historian-in-Chief
Rt. Rev. Joseph D. Mitchell, 306 W. Broad St., Savannah, Ga., Pub. Director-in-Chief
Rev. Marshall Wingfield, Amory, Miss., Chaplain-in-Chief

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Capt. Allen L. Henson, Relief...State Capitol, Atlanta, Ga.
Arthur C. Smith, Monument..1313 U St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
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S. D. Smith, 824 Piedmont Road, Huntington..W. Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to Joseph D. Mitchell, Editor, 306 W. Broad Street, Savannah, Georgia.

ANNOUNCEMENT

IN this issue of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE the Sons of Confederate Veterans make their bow to its readers, feeling very grateful to the Magazine for the privilege of a Special Department.

Our organization, composed of lineal descendants of those who fought in the Army and Navy of the Confederacy, are pledged to uphold the sacred traditions of the South, to preserve the memory of their illustrious fathers, to care for the remaining Confederate Veterans to the extent of their power, to preserve the battle-fields and other places of historic value connected with the Southern Confederacy, and, perhaps above all, to fight without ceasing for a true and complete account of the causes, the events, and the effects, of the War Between the States.

In full accord with the objects of all other Confederate organizations, we pledge ourselves to do all we can to further the interests of this Magazine, which fills a need long felt by us.

We urge upon all of our comrades, individually and through our various Camps, to become a subscriber to the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE and to urge their friends to do likewise. It is a necessity, not a luxury, to have a publication devoted to the interests of the South, where not only the Southern rights of the past shall be revered, but such rights shall likewise be defended in the present and the future.

Principles can never die, nor do they change with the years. What we revere in our Fathers we still revere. With no sectional feelings against any one, and with the desire for the friendship of all, we feel that the truth can hurt nobody, and it is in accord with the best interests of North and South alike that a true understanding prevail.

We trust that our Department may become of real value, not only to ourselves, but to all who have an interest in the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE and the objects for which it exists.

Old Transylvania and Her Sons

(Continued from page 12)

Miami University, Ohio; Professor James Blythe, in 1831, became the first President of Hanover College, Indiana; President Alva Woods resigned at Transylvania in 1831 to become the head of the University of Alabama; James Sidney Rollins (1833) is called the "Father of the University of Missouri" by the friends of that institution.

A few years ago, impressed by the remarkable showing of this always numerically small college, in its long list of notable public men with outstanding careers, some one went carefully over the lists of former students and assembled the following data:

Vice-Presidents of the United States 2, Presidents of the Confederacy 1, Speakers of House of Representatives 3, Hall of Fame 6, Cabinet Members 15, Foreign Ministers 24, Governors of States 35, Members of United States Senate 46, Members of United States House of Representatives 106; and concluded the investigation with the statement equally startling: That the institution for 125 years has at no time been without a representative in the National Congress.

Since the fratricidal conflict of the 60's, Transylvania has gone its way more modestly as one institution among hundreds instead of one among tens. If, as some one has said, an institution is but the lengthening shadow of a great man, then Henry Clay should be named. His interest from the time of his professorship (1805-7) till his death in 1852 was keen, his advice always statesmanlike and often decisive. If, on the other hand, it is the moulding influence of a great idea, then we should never forget the phrase used in the 1780 bill: "To promote and encourage every design which may tend to the improvement of the mind and diffusion of useful knowledge even among the most remote citizens."

The man who introduced the original bill was Colonel John Todd, member from Kentucky County. Later Richard Henry Lee, member from Westmoreland County, was on the committee that gave it final form. These two men were natives of Piedmont and of Tidewater Virginia, respectively, and they represent the working in unison of the Scotch-Irish and the Anglo-Saxon, the happy blending of a rising democracy and a liberalizing aristocracy! All hail to the men and to their work!

ANCESTOR HUNTING

(Continued from page 27)

Carolina, and over the sea to England and to Scotland.

We may love ancestor hunting because we love our people and want to know their traditions and understand their labors, or we may look upon it as sport, a glorified game of jig-saw puzzle. But, whatever our motive in starting it, we cannot fit all the small pieces and the larger background pieces together without stamping upon our hearts the picture of sacrifice and struggle and ambition, of failure and strong success. We want then to preserve the old records and the quaint objects, to rebuild the best of their homes, their churches and their schools; and we know a new strength, with perspective for new wisdom, to build well for tomorrow's ancestor hunters. —Clara B. Dean.

Dedication of Stratford

(Continued from page 30)

Armes, originator of the idea and plan to purchase and restore Stratford Hall as a Lee memorial; General B. F. Cheatham, U. S. Army (retired), Resident Superintendent of Stratford; Mrs. Cheatham, and the fifty-one directors of the Lee Foundation. Dr. George Bolling Lee, grandson of General Lee, Honorary President, and his son, the fourth Robert E. Lee, came next, followed by the speakers of the day and the President of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Mrs. Charles D. Lanier.

The Richmond Blues furnished a guard for Governor Peery.

A speaker's stand was erected in front of the new stone steps. This grand exterior staircase is one of important original features of the house which disappeared a hundred years ago. It is restored on its original lines, and with the new roof of gray shingles, the restored windows with their trim of Spanish red, they effect a striking change in the exterior of the house.

Mrs. Brown, the Program Chairman for the Dedication, and also Director for the State of New Hampshire, is the daughter of General John B. Gordon, the celebrated Confederate General and personal friend of General Lee, who in later years was Governor of Georgia and United States Senator from Georgia.

The other members of the Program Committee serving with Mrs. Brown were Mrs. Charles E Bolling, Mrs. William H. Fain, Mrs. Ambrose C. Ford, Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, Mrs. Emerson Root Newell, Mrs. David Roberts and Mrs. Granville G. Valentine.

On the day of the dedication, Stratford Hall, the historic mansion with its village of outbuildings and the entire plantation from Indian Tree on the King's Highway to the Potomac River, were thrown open free to the public.

A section of seats was reserved for officers and members of the boards of the following organizations: The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, the Garden Club of Virginia, the Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland, the National Society of the Colonial Dames in the State of Virginia and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Each one of these organizations has done memorable work for Stratford. Both as an organization and as individuals these associations and their members have made from the beginning, a practical and inspiring contribution toward this patriotic shrine.

Main Street of The South

(Continued from page 36)

in the struggle against the march of time. Have they achieved it? All you have to do is to look around you and you will find out that when a woman puts her wits to work, she leaves men so far behind that if they had a disposition to do so, they would run themselves out of breath trying to keep up with her.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY

(Continued from page 31)

From 1916 to the present time Mrs. Woodbury has served on the advisory of the Kentucky Confederate Home and was this year appointed by Governor Laffoon chairman of the committee to place a statue of Jefferson Davis in the rotunda of the capitol at Frankfort. Mrs. Woodbury has served on the Legislative of the Kentucky Division from 1931 to the present time. In 1924 she was made general chairman of the Jefferson Davis National Highway Committee, in which capacity she still serves.

In 1925 she was elected Historian-General and instituted "The Fashion Parade of the Sixties" and also furnished much of the material for Claude Bowers' book, *The Tragic Era.* It was through Mrs. Woodbury's efforts that Kentucky Day was officially observed for the first time in 1926. She has also twice won the Walker Cup for placing Confederate Collections in Libraries.

Mrs. Woodbury has attended twenty-six general conventions and also every convention of her division since 1902. She has held every office in her local chapter and is greatly admired and loved by its members.

She has not limited her activities to the Daughters of the Confederacy; as president of the Alumnae Club she started the school lunch system in Louisville and as regent of the John Marshall chapter D. A. R. secured a playground and a $7,000.00 bath house for the children of the John Marshall public school.

Mrs. Woodbury is a speaker of prominence, much sought after as a lecturer on many subjects. She has traveled extensively in America, Europe and the Orient and is a woman of rare refinement and culture; well read, well educated, charming and gracious in manner and also a distinguished parliamentarian. She has served the Daughters of the Confederacy loyally and capably and has never failed to respond when called upon.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 31)

as in morals. Spiritual diet and mental diet are as unlike former programs as are the menus of the hospital kitchen.

It is the belief of the Chairman that, had the friends of Lanier of his day been able to publicize his message with half the vigor and abandon that U. D. C. are now putting forward in this effort, he would not lack place among those already established in the Hall of Fame. Whatever betide through the suffrages of the Electors, the South itself and many others know of Lanier through the efforts of this Committee as never before.

The Brief in behalf of Sidney Lanier can be obtained in quantities or singly, by application (including 30c cost) to Mrs. Severn Nottingham. The Brief has had much fine publicity, the last and most inspiring being the use of an article on the subject which appears in *The Saturday Review* of August 31, by the courtesy and kind offices of Mr. Henry Canby who has been greatly interested in our effort from the very beginning. The Brief consists of a foreword by Dr. Douglas Freeman, a sketch by Mrs. Lamar, concise information tabulated about Lanier's works, biographical sketches of him and lists of memorials to him over the country, more than a hundred finely discriminating and gracious commendations by outstanding writers and journals over the nation. I hope that every Division will order the Briefs for Chapter uses, thus disseminating the knowledge of Lanier's standing in the world of letters and helping to defray the expenses of publication designed originally to get the case of Lanier before the Electors, many of whom have expressed themselves most grateful for this digest of information about the poet and musician, Sidney Lanier.

E. D. B. LAMAR,
Chairman Committee for the Advancement of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame.

Mrs. McKinney's Work In The Kentucky Division

(Continued from page 32)

conventions at Richmond, 1911; Washington, 1912; New Orleans, 1913.

In 1913 she was made a member of the Credentials Committee, and at the General Convention in Louisville, Kentucky, April, 1919, made the report in full when the Convention opened (the first time this was ever accomplished).

In 1914-15-16-17-18 served as member of the Committee to Reclaim Arlington.

She was a tireless worker, 1915, on the Committee to change the name, Civil War, to the War Between the States.

1916-19 she was Chairman of the Committee for Monument to Jefferson Davis at his Birthplace, Fairview, Kentucky. From 1919 to 1921 she was Ex-Officio Chairman of same.

Chairman Credentials Committee, 1917, 1918, 1924.

From 1919-21 Mrs. McKinney served with success in the highest office within the gift of the General Organization, that of President-General. Mrs. McKinney is not only the first Kentucky woman to be elected President-General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, but the only Kentucky woman to be elected to the National Presidency of any National Patriotic or Civic organization.

In 1922 she was made a member of the Program Committee.

In 1922-23 served as Vice-Chairman of Committee on Monument for Jefferson Davis at his Birthplace.

Gave valuable service as member of the Arlington Amphitheatre Committee, 1922-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30.

She was Chairman of the Lee Memorial Chapel Committee, 1922 until work was completed.

Also member of Constitution and By-Laws Committee for the same year.

In 1923 Mrs. McKinney was Chairman of the Lee Memorial Chapel Conference.

She served as Chairman of Committee on the Memorial Approach to Arlington, 1924-25-26.

From 1925 to 1933 has been a zealous worker

on the Committee for a History of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Assigned to write history of Origin and Early Work of U. D. C.

1926-27-28 served as Chairman of the Lee Memorial Trust Fund.

During 1927-28-29 was Chairman of Department of Reference. Organized this department.

1930-31 served as member of Committee to determine work to be committed to the Business Office and Chairman of Committee to recommend a permanent location for the Business Office.

Served as Chairman, 1931, of the Arlington Amphitheatre.

Was also a member of the Business Office Committee, 1932-35.

Is Member Representing State-At-Large for Kentucky State Central Executive Democratic Committee.

Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, when Historian-General, United Daughters of the Confederacy, introducing Mrs. McKinney to a large audience in Chattanooga said Mrs. McKinney knew personally more, and was greatly beloved by more, Confederate Veterans than any one else she knew.

THE BEST LADY RIDER

(Continued from page 23)

A tall woman came from somewhere in the back and went up the stairs and her white hair sweeping back from her brown face made me suddenly think of white plumes.

The next day I got away from Minnie's grandson and his pretty wife and went back to that place. I wrote a line on my calling card and asked the waiter to take it to Madam Pierre. He returned and took me upstairs to her and when we were alone I said, "Well, Bess?"

"I thought nobody would ever find me," she said simply.

"We thought you drowned yourself, Bess."

She shook her head. "I wanted to, Miss Julie. I tried to. But there was too much stubborn life in me. I couldn't." She told me of that long-ago night. She had rowed for many miles downstream, had landed and set the boat adrift, had lived for months with some people on a shanty boat, had joined a showboat company, had married Pierre at Shreveport and drifted with him finally to New Orleans. He had been a good husband. Her son was the Pierre who ran this place.

"Why didn't you marry Greer? He asked you didn't he?"

"Yes." She leaned forward and touched my hand. "I loved him too much, Miss Julie. He wanted to take me up to your house that day. He said soon I would live in it. I didn't belong in that house, Miss Julie. I couldn't have learned. Wouldn't I have cut a figure in Washington?" She paused. then asked, "He married Flora Dresdon didn't he?"

"Yes," I answered.

She went across the room and took a small box from a drawer, came back and unfolded many yellow-creased wrappings of paper until a folded blue ribbon lay disclosed. "I haven't forgot that day," she said, smoothing the ribbon on her knee. She looked up at me bravely. "He is a very great man, Miss Julie. I read about him in the papers. Flora was the wife for him. It is better that it turned out this way, isn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted, "it is."

She sat there smoothing the ribbon. "Nobody knows that my name used to be Bess," she said finally. "You won't tell, Miss Julie?"

Shucks, I see no reason to tell all I know to a man who looks at a famous man and wonders about the women in his life.

KENTUCKY LITERATURE

(Continued from page 8)

with his short story, "In the Court of God." John Gilmer Speed, the great nephew of the poet Keats is best known for his critical work, "The Life of Keats." Reuben Halleck, author of "History of English Literature," is a literary critic of merit. Frances G. Maltby, ex-State President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, has written creditable poems and short stories. A novel attracting attention is, "My Dimity Sweetheart." This is the story of O. Henry's sweetheart who was a school mate of Mrs. Maltby.

Kate Helm, of Lexington, has written an interesting "Biography of Mary Todd, Wife of Lincoln."

Other member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who have written creditable, interesting and worth while essays, poems and short stories are, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Mrs. Ila Earle Fowler, Mrs. Josephine Turner, Mrs. George R. Mastin, Mrs. Lois Purcell Noel and Mrs. C. E. Purcell. A poetess of charm and merit whose poems frequently appear in the current magazines is Marie Lanier MaGruder of near Paducah. Mrs. Curlin Reid, of Hickman, had a short story accepted and published in the Saturday Evening Post. Her story was of the Old South. There are other minor writers of some ability and merit, but from the group mentioned in this article, one may see that Kentucky has a place in Literature, which perhaps has been made lasting by the works of her talented sons, James Lane Allen, the word painter, and John Fox, Jr., the great story teller, both of whom now rest in the "Bluegrass and Rhododendron."

PREHISTORIC KENTUCKY

(Continued from page 4)

document—the man himself—was possible because in the dry, dark, uniform temperature of the cave, on a soil filled with nitrates, no bacteria, or fungi could grow, and decay of tissue was arrested. By slow degrees the body dried till it became thoroughly dessicated or mummified, and thus it remains to the present time. This is a grim record of a tragedy in prehistoric times—yet it is more. It is a record of man's desire to acquire materials for his needs and is therefore proof of his willingness to venture into dark caverns in the face of dangers to accomplish his purpose. It is a record alike of his ingenuity, his courage, and his industry.

These and many other evidences of man's occupancy in prehistoric times, are to be found within the state of Kentucky. Slowly, as archaeological research is continued, the past history is revealed. Each find, each new discovery, each investigation.

tells only a partial story in much the same way that a single piece of jigsaw puzzle carries a part of a larger picture. As one fits the pieces together, gradually revealing the whole picture—just so is the archaeologist slowly piecing together bits of prehistory, and slowly, but none the less certainly —and with every expectation of final success—is he working toward a completed picture of Kentucky's prehistory.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON

(Continued from page 28)

had carried them against the troops of Breckinridge's Division the previous day. The incident which took place here can best be told in General McCook's own words written many years after:

"Upon the edge of the little swamp, I saw lying, a tall man dressed in Kentucky jeans clothes; approaching him I found him alive. I remarked at once, "You are a Johnson." He replied, "I am George W. Johnson, the Provisional Governor of Kentucky." He asked my name. I told him I was General McCook. He then asked me to come close to him. I knelt near him, placing my face near his. He asked me if I was a Mason. I replied in the affirmative. Being accompanied by a medical officer, orderlies and attendants carrying splints and nourishment for the wounded, after Governor Johnson had been carried to a dry spot and given brandy and food, he made statements to me telling of the part he had taken in the battle, etc.

"At this moment Colonel James Jackson third U. S. Kentucky Cavalry rode up to where we were and dismounting, "Why, that is George W. Johnson of Kentucky!" After Jackson had spoken to his wounded friend, I addressed General Nelson, "Nelson, it is understood by your friends in this army that you and Jackson are enemies and engaged to fight a duel when the war is over. I deem this a fit occasion for all Kentuckians to be at peace today. I want you to shake hands, ask each other's forgiveness, think no more of your troubles or of the causes which led to them." Then these two noble Kentuckians shook hands, again became friends and remained so until death claimed both of them the following month of October.

"An ambulance being at my call, men tenderly placed Governor Johnson in it, and the attendants were directed to take him by the smoothest roads to the hospital boat near the landing on the Tennessee River. He was placed in a comfortable bed on the upper deck of the steamboat Hannibal. I also ordered a chaplain to attend him. From the first Governor Johnson knew that his wound would prove mortal, and but a few minutes before he died he asked the chaplain to sing Kirk White's beautiful hymn,

'When marshalled on the mighty plains
The glittering host bestuds the sky,' etc.*

"The Chaplain reported to me that Governor Johnson died before the ending of the last verse. He was calm, composed and prepared for death.

"From his supposed enemies," says General McCook in conclusion, "he received the tenderest care and as sympathetic commiseration as could have been shown him by those at home he loved most."

The kindness and consideration of these "supposed enemies" did not end with his death, but they saw to it that his body was sent back to his family in Kentucky, the good chaplain taking time to write in detail to the bereaved wife every incident of those last hours. At home in Scott county the military authorities waived their strict prohibition against burying Confederate dead with any but the greatest privacy, and he was laid to rest in the quiet cemetery in Georgetown, friend and foe alike joined in honoring Scott county's first citizen.

* The Star of Bethlehem.

Early Racing In Kentucky

(Continued from page 9)

ville, Franklin, Paris, Crab Orchard and others.

One of the most dramatic and inspiring races ever run in Kentucky was the race between Ten Broeck, owned by Frank Harper of Woodford County and Mollie McCarty, owned by Tom Winter, of California. Ten Broeck, ridden by a colored jockey—Billy Walker—won the race, much to the surprise of the owner of Mollie McCarty and many others who witnessed the race.

Little has been found about jockeys and colors, however, a picture in one of the early issues of *Turf Register* shows jockeys dressed much as they do today.

The first Derby was run May, 1875, when Aristidest carried off the honors. And since that time it has been a coveted desire of every thoroughbred breeder to produce a Derby winner.

Without racing we would have no thoroughbreds, and to the latter Kentucky owes her great fame as the producer of the best class of horses.

"I love the Hoss from Hoof to Head,
From Head to Hoof and Tail to Mane.
I love the Hoss, as I have said
From Head to Hoof and back again.
I love my God the first of all,
Then Him that perished on the Cross
And next my wife and then I fall
Down on my knees and Love the Hoss.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Message of The President-General

(Continued from page 37)

ning, and the parade on Friday morning were the closing features of the reunion. Many pictures were taken of these two events and appeared in the newspapers throughout the country.

On Saturday, September the seventh, I was the guest of the Ellen W. Jones Chapter, Portales, New Mexico, for luncheon. Mrs. J. B. Priddy presided and introduced me. I cannot begin to tell the thrill I got out of this meeting with these far-away Daughters and how pleased I was with their program and their accomplishments. It was a surprise to me to know that there had been a camp of more than two hundred Confederate Veterans in Portales not one of them is left now, but their graves in the Confederate circle in the town cemetery, is cared for by this group of Southern women. In the center of this circle stands a most

unique Confederate Monument bearing the names of all members of the chapter. This cemetery is also unique as it belongs to the Woman's Club of Portales.

Filing and Lending Bureau

The Filing and Lending Bureau has at last been established and is now an assured department of our work. You will recall that my recommendation when I became President General, provided for this service which to my mind will prove one of the greatest historical and educational services that we could render. If I had doubts on this subject they are dispelled after my two years service as President General. Every week or so I am asked to furnish material on the lives of great Southern men and women, our founders, and our organization program generally. If this cannot be furnished by the departments then the request goes begging, for the Historian General has not the time, nor the equipment, to furnish historical papers, which are asked for and which should go out through this organization.

I am announcing the appointment of Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg, South Carolina, as Chairman of the Filing and Leading Bureau, to whom all historical papers, including diaries, reminiscences and essays, which have from time to time received prizes, have been sent. Miss Salley has classified these and you may rent for twenty cents any paper on any subject in her file. Write direct to her for what you want. If the paper which you wish is not in file, Miss Salley will prepare a paper for you on any historical subject for chapter programs. Price two dollars per one thousand words.

From this time forth all essays which have received prizes in general contests will be kept on file in this bureau. Division presidents are requested to send to this bureau a copy of each prize winning essay on any subject, as the classification will include historical, biographical, miscellaneous. and juvenile subjects.

I regret to announce the death on September third, of Mr. Evan Golader Faris, of Hickman, Kentucky, who was a brother of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Past President General. I have sent to Mrs. McKinney the sympathy of this organization.

Faithfully yours,

ANNIE G. MASSEY.

Women of The Confederacy In Wartimes

(Continued from page 20)

and she is going to knit some more." Emma Andrews, ten years old, had the proud record of having made by hand two hundred and twenty-nine hospital towels. Ladies of the highest social rank not only did sewing for the soldiers but hung out signs, "Plain sewing done here," and took "pride in their handiwork."

Valuable household linen, heirlooms, sheets and napkins were gladly torn up and made into bandages and hospital supplies. Mrs. Jefferson Davis gave her silk dresses to be used in making army balloons. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, wrote that, "The Petersburg women had gone to work with a will upon my tablecloths, sheets, and dainty counterpanes—and even the chintz furniture covers. My springlike green and white chintz bandages appeared on many a manly arm and leg." But let Mrs. Felton tell the story of woman's private contributions. She says: "The women sent their blankets to the army and cut up woolen carpets to sleep under. We scraped lint from worn towels and table cloths, and stripped the sheets into bandages. We knitted incessantly—socks, caps, mittens. We sent the soldiers all our little delicacies, like jellies and preserves. I had two serviceable dresses of fine wool, with five or six whole widths in the skirt, according to style. I fashioned them into fatigue shirts for the boys at the front, and wore cotton home-spun frocks at home."

In spite of such an array of evidence, one Northern historian wrote that, "The Rebel soldiers were not * * * sustained by home influences. At first, indeed, Aid Societies were founded all over the South, and supplies forwarded to their armies; but in the course of a year, the zeal of the Southern maidens cooled, and they contented themselves with waving their handkerchiefs to the soldiers." All Northern men, however, were not so ignorant and prejudiced as this man. Corporal Tanner said that no army in the world was "so intensely supported by the prayers and the efforts of the gentler sex, as were you men of the South." And General Sherman said in a speech in Savannah, Georgia, "You women are the toughest set I ever knew. The men would have given up long ago but for you. I believe you would keep this war up for 30 years."

But the story of women's work is not yet complete. Southern women conducted the business at home so that the men might be released for military service. They ran the stores, farms, plantations and shops. They submitted to a tax of one-tenth of all their produce in order that their beloved Confederacy might have the funds for its existence. And they suffered untold privations and want. Salt, soda, coffee, tea and drugs simply could not be obtained because of the blockade. Woman's ingenuity came to her aid. If there was no salt she could, and did, dig up the dirt of the smokehouse, boil it and derive some salt therefrom; if there was no coffee she could substitute parched potatoes or better still okra seed; and if she was without soda she could still use the ashes of the corn cob. When she needed pins she picked them from the thorn tree; if a button were missing, one could substitute a persimmon seed. Mrs. McGuire noted that a most decided revolution was "going on in our social system throughout our old State; economy rules the day. In this neighborhood, which has been not a little remarkable for indulging in the elegances of life, they are giving up desserts, rich cake, etc. The wants of the soldiers are supplied with a lavish hand, but personal indulgences are considered unpatriotic. How I do admire their self-denying spirit! I do not believe there is a woman among us who would not give up everything but the bare necessities of life for the good of our cause." And again she remarked that "It is delightful to see the uniformity of feeling, the oneness of heart, which pervades Virginia at this time; and we believe it is so throughout the South." Later, however, she was shocked when "a mob, principally of women, appeared in the streets, attacking the stores. Their object

seemed to be to get anything they could; dry goods, shoes, brooms, meat, glass ware, jewelry, were caught up by them."

But Southern women had not yet paid in full! After the South was overrun by Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, food, even the coarsest kind, was almost unobtainable. Homes had been burned and property destroyed. Then gentlewomen like Miss Gay and her mother picked the few grains of corn from the cracks in bureau drawers, where Yankee horses had been fed, and ground them into a coarse but much sought after corn meal. Or else they made the long, hard journey to Social Circle for a precious bushel of corn or potatoes which was necessary for the preservation of life. Throughout the war they had remained unchanged in their devotion, unshaken in their patriotism, unwearied in their ministrations, uncomplaining in their sacrifices, and splendid in their fortitude.

Southern women in their sacrifice, their patriotism, and their persistency were fair representatives of the spirit of their whole sex. They had organized relief, and with rational consideration had selected the wisest and best means of accomplishing their purpose. Amid discouragement and fearful suffering they never flagged, but to the last increased in zeal and devotion. Southern people will ever agree with the sentiment expressed by Governor O'Ferrell when he said: "As grand as the South was in her sons, she was grander in her daughters; as sublime as she was in her men, she was sublimer (still) in her women. Women of the Confederacy, your fame is deathless; you need not monument nor sculptured stone to perpetuate it."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The Southern Magazine, published monthly at Wytheville, Virginia for October, 1935.

State of Virginia, County of Wythe, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Claudia M. Hagy, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of The Southern Magazine and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, News Publishing Co., Wytheville, Virginia; Editor, Claudia M. Hagy, Wytheville, Virginia; Business Manager, F. Eugene Hagy, Wytheville, Virginia.

2. That the owner is: The News Publishing Company, Wytheville, Virginia; Claudia M. Hagy, Wytheville, Virginia; F. Eugene Hagy, Wytheville, Virginia.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

CLAUDIA M. HAGY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of October, 1935.

T. P. WAPPETT, SR., Notary Public.

(My commission expires July 11, 1936.)

WITH THE DIVISIONS

(Continued from page 41)

Treasurer; Mrs. J. H. Dandiver, Historian.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION

Electing Mrs. Robert E. Ridenhour, of Concord, president and selecting Durham as the place for the 1936 meeting, the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, closed its 39th annual convention at Winston-Salem on October 17th.

Other officers elected were: Mrs. L. E. Fisher, Asheville, first vice-president; Mrs. W. A. Hyatt, Waynesville, second vice-president; Mrs. J. W. Farrior, Warsaw, third vice-president; Mrs. S. S. Holt, Graham, recording secretary; Mrs. Maggie Barnhardt, Concord, corresponding secretary; Mrs. George C. Brown, Greensboro, treasurer; Mrs. C. K. Proctor, Oxford, registrar; Mrs. J. W. Parker, Farmville, historian; Mrs. Charles McGowan, Plymouth, recorder of crosses; Mrs. W. H. Cobb, Goldsboro, Chaplain; Mrs. Haywood Taylor, Wilmington, honorary president; Mrs. Nathan O'Berry, Goldsboro, and Miss Willie Ashe, Raleigh, honorary vice-presidents.

The president, Mrs. Ridenhour, has served as head of the division since the death four and a half months ago of Mrs. W. S. Bernard.

The Daughters commended the recently-published volume by Captain S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh, on the Southern viewpoint in the War Between the States and recommended that copies of the work be purchased by the libraries of the State.

A special memorial was read for the late President, Mrs. W. S. Bernard.

The pages of history were turned back 73 years on October 19th by distinguished guests from North Carolina and Virginia who gathered at the Jones family burying ground in south Warren county to pay homage to the memory of Anne Carter Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, who died at Jones Springs, a summer resort, in 1862 from an attack of typhoid fever which she suffered a few days after her arrival in this county with her mother and sister, Miss Agnes Lee.

Dr. George Bolling Lee, grandson of General Robert E. Lee, was a guest of honor at the exercises arranged by the Warren County Chapter of the U. D. C. and attended by more than five hundred persons representing every section of North Carolina.

Accounts of Miss Lee's visit in this county with her mother and sister, of the funeral services held at the grave 73 years ago, of General Lee's visit to her tomb, of the erection of a monument to her memory and eulogies to the Confederate general were given in the program, which was followed by dinner on the grounds.

Howard F. Jones, owner of the property on which the cemetery is located, welcomed the guests to the exercises, and extended an invitation to the Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina to join the Warren County chapter in beautifying the spot.

At the conclusion of the exercises, a wreath sent from the White House was placed on the tomb of Miss Lee.

CORRECTION

In last month's issue there was printed a report of Chapter work and credit given to Portsmouth Chapter. This report was from the Pickett-Buchanan Chapter of Norfolk, Va., instead of Portsmouth Chapter U. D. C. We are glad to make this correction.—The Editor.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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